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PRESENTING the cream of national humour contributed to "Punch" by our leading comic draughtsmen and humorous writers from the year 1900 to the present day

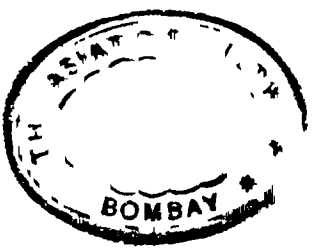
VOLUME XX

MR. PUNCH IN WAR TIME

OFFICER (to Tommy, who has broken every rule of the hospital). "You don't seem to realize that there's a war on."

MR. PUNCH
IN WAR TIME

With 278 Illustrations
& Frontispiece in Colours



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17. Mr. Punch and Toby's Friends
18. Mr. Punch's Sports and Pastimes
19. Round the Year with Mr. Punch
20. Mr. Punch in War Time

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19 JAN 1974

MADE AND PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN
BY R. & R. CLARK LIMITED EDINBURGH

HERE IS A VOLUME OF MEMORIES, AND SO FAR AS MR. Punch is concerned, proud and happy memories, of a period of pain and perplexity. No one who lived through the Great War, "out there" or on the home front, can retain only pleasant memories of that trying time, but now that the horror of it all has receded, it is surely a proper thing to recall those lighter moments that made it possible to endure the darker hours; those moments to which Mr. Punch so nobly contributed and in which he so truly interpreted the national spirit of cheerfulness and dogged perseverance that eventually achieved the saving of civilisation.

In arranging the contents of the volume the Editor has divided them into two sections. These bear no distinctive headings, but may be described roughly as "At Home" and "Overseas." And he presents the literary—and, in so far as possible, the pictorial—items, in an approximate sequence of dates, thus enabling the reader to follow Mr. Punch's War-time humour as it ripened year by year, and constantly found new material out of which to weave its heartening drolleries. The actual dates of the appearance of many of the illustrations are given where a knowledge of the date adds to the interest of the item.

WIT and satirist though he be, no one realises more clearly than does Mr. Punch that actual war, with its unspeakable horrors and always misery-making consequences, is very far from being a fun-productive subject, and that those who take part in it, or unwillingly look on, know it for the abominable thing it is.

When the Great War first began to blaze its way across our planet, Mr. Punch knew a brief period of doubt as to where his exact duty lay. Was he to attempt the impossible and close his eyes to the horror that had come into being? Was it right to continue producing a comic journal when mankind was mentally and physically agonised? Was he, in short, *needed*, at such a time?

Almost as though he had broadcast these questions the replies to them came from the people of the empire, and in particular from the serving men. In effect they said: "Carry on! There never was a time when you were *more* needed. If we are to be plunged in misery you can at least help to lighten it for us." That was what happened, and soon it became apparent that whatever certain long-faced stay-at-homes might think, the warriors themselves had not allowed their native sense of humour to be quenched. Very much to the contrary. The irrepressible Cockney; the man from the shires; the Scot, the Irishman, the Colonial—indeed all types and ranks of fighting men helped the nation to keep its balance because they had always, and in all circumstances, a hunger for fun, and a priceless aptitude for finding it.

IT is with this aspect of the War time that our Punchmen deal in the present volume. It is a record of gay spirits conquering the battalions of gloom, of gallant hearts creating laughter where those of a different order would have produced only the moanings of despair.

Even in hospitals and among the wounded the jesting spirit of the men was abundantly present, and that was equally true of the men in the trenches. Sailors, soldiers, and airmen alike carried the banner of gaiety along, and in this sense the recruit was as valuable an asset as that famous figure of comedy the sergeant-major. We are shown men at leisure in the canteens, or at variety entertainments behind the lines; soldiers at sea—and very much so!; the jocular but kindly treatment of prisoners; episodes arising from "the language difficulty," the humours of billeting abroad, and the whole kaleidoscopic life of the multitudes in the war areas.

The fare provided for us at home is no less acceptable in quantity or quality. Nor is the fun by any means confined to men. Nurses, and women war-workers, and hero-worshippers all play their part, and of course we are taken right into the home itself and see the loyal but harassed housewife struggling over the meat-ration problem and the instructions of the Food Controller; trying to discover some place which will be safe during Zeppelin raids, and—her most difficult job of all—grappling with her personal war economies.

IN recording the humours of the War time it can be said of Mr. Punch that he did a valuable work supremely well, and in so helping to cheer his countrymen and to keep laughter alive he proved himself a true and understanding patriot. His aiders and abettors in this were those gifted artists whose names have so long been familiar as household words to his admirers, and of whom there has been some mention in the Editor's notes to the preceding nineteen volumes of our Library. A special word may be said here, however, of three in particular, charming examples of whose work are to be found throughout the Library, but who happen in this volume to be more fully represented. There is Mr. F. H. Townsend for instance, invariably successful in his choice of subject and the brilliant technique with which it is illustrated; Mr. C. A. Shepperson, whose delicately drawn and remarkably graceful figures of women and children have so long added to the charm and distinction to Mr. Punch's pages, and Mr. Fred Pegram, whose beautifully clean and firm line almost reminds one of the methods of the effects achieved by the old steel engravers. While none of these three overtops in the number of his selected works in this particular volume any of a dozen other "old favourites," the Editor feels that their general contribution to the Library warrants this special reference.

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MR. PUNCH IN WAR TIME

The Recruiter

MADINGLEY is one of those men who are always asking you to do things for them. He will send you cheerfully on the top of a bus from the City to Hammersmith to buy tobacco for him at a particular little shop, and if you point out that he could do it much better in his own car, he says reproachfully that the car is only used for business purposes. (If so, he must have a good deal of business at Walton Heath.) "Isn't your cousin a doctor?" he'll say. "I wonder if you'd mind asking him——" And somehow you can't refuse. He beams at you with such confidence through his glasses.

However, it was apparently to tell me news that he came to see me the other day.

"I'm horribly busy," he said. "The fact is I'm going to enlist."

"They won't take you," I said. "You're blind."

"Not so blind as you are."

"Put it that we're both blind, and that our King and Country want neither of us."

"Well, I'm not so sure. There are lots of people with spectacles in the Army."

ETHEL (*in apprehensive whisper which easily reaches her German governess, to whom she is deeply attached*). "Mother, shall we have to kill Fräulein?" (*September 2, 1914*)

" And lots of flies in amber," I said, " but nobody seems to know how they came there."

Then Madingley got to business. His partner, who had enlisted in August, had developed lung trouble and had returned to civil life. Madingley was now free to go. He had heard from a friend that the 121st Rifles (a Territorial Regiment) had no conscientious objections to spectacles. Would I—(I thought it must be coming)—would I go and find out for him ? He gave me the address of their headquarters.

" You see I'm so horribly busy, old chap—clearing up at the office, and so on."

Well, of course I had to. Madingley's attitude of pained forgiveness, if one refuses him anything, is more than I can bear. After all, it didn't seem very much to do.

I began with the sentry outside.

" Can you tell me——" I said pleasantly. He scowled and jerked his head towards the door. I went in and tried another man. " Can you tell me——" I began. " Enlist ? " he said. " Upstairs." I went upstairs and

pushed open a door. " Can you tell me——" I said. " This is the canteen," answered a man in an apron . . .

At last I found a sergeant. " Enlist ?" he said briskly. " Come in." I went in.

He leant against a table and I smiled at him pleasantly.

" I just wanted to ask," I said, " whether——"

" Quite so," he said, and gave me a long explanation of what my pay would be now that I had decided to join the Army. He began with the one and a penny of a private and was working up towards the stipend of a Field Marshal when I stopped him.

" One moment——"

" Exactly," he said. " You're married."

" Y—yes," I said. " At least, no," I added, thinking of Madingley.

" Surely you know ?" he asked in surprise.

I remembered suddenly the penalty for a false declaration. It would be no good explaining afterwards that I meant Madingley.

" Yes," I said. " Married."

He told me what my separation allowance would be . . . As a married Field Marshal with three children it came to——

VICAR (*his mind full of the recruiting posters*). "Wilt thou take this woman to thy wedded wife—for three years or the duration of the war?"

(*December 2, 1914*)

RECRUITING SERGEANT. "What are you for?"
RECRUIT. "For the duration of the War, or longer if it doesn't end sooner."

"My son was rejected, Mr. Pyke, because his teeth didn't fit proper. The doctor said 'e might 'ave 'em knocked down 'is throat and be choked if 'e got one of them cannon-balls in 'is face."

"See 'im? Well, when 'e sez ' 'Oo goes there?' if you 're a Englishman you 'as to say 'Friend!' and if you 're a German you 'as to say 'Foe!' "
(*December 9, 1914*)

I decided to be firm.

" Er—I mustn't trouble you too much," I said. " I really only wanted to know if you take men with spectacles."

" Depends how short-sighted you are. Do you always wear them ? "

" No, but I ought to really." I made a desperate effort to get Madingley back into the conversation. " I really only came to find out for a——"

" Ah, well, the best thing you can do," said the sergeant, " is to pass the medical examination first. You can sign the papers afterwards. Come along."

I followed him meekly downstairs. It was obviously not Madingley's afternoon.

We plunged downstairs into what was no doubt the anti-Zeppelin cellar. Through the gloom I saw dimly two or three pink-and-white figures waiting their turn to be thumped. Down the throat of a man in the middle of the room a doctor was trying to climb. Mechanically I began to undo my tie.

The sergeant spoke to one of the doctors and then came back to me.

" It'll save time if we do your sight first," he said. " Stand over in this corner."

I stood in the corner . . .

For a long time nothing happened.

" Well ? " said the sergeant impatiently.

" Well ? " I said.

" Why don't you read ? "

" What ? Have we begun ? " I asked in surprise. I couldn't see anything.

The medical officer came over to me and in a friendly way put his hand over my left eye. It didn't help much, but I spotted where he came from, and gathered that the card must be in that direction. Gradually it began to loom through the blackness.

" Wait a moment," I said. I removed his hand and gazed keenly at the opposite wall. " That 's a B," I announced proudly. " That top one."

The doctor and the sergeant looked at each other.

" It 's no good," sighed the sergeant.

" He can't even read the first two lines," groaned the doctor.

" It 's all very well for you two," I broke in indignantly ; " one of you lives down here and is used to it, and the other knows the card by heart. I haven't come to enlist for night operations only. Surely your regiment does things in the daylight sometimes ? "

The doctor, only knowing about the daylight by hearsay, looked blank ; the sergeant repeated sadly, " Not even the first two lines."

" Look here," I said, " lend me the card to-night, and I 'll come again to-morrow. If it 's only two lines you want, I think I can promise you them."

The doctor said mournfully that he might lend me the card, but that in

POMPOUS LADY. "I shall descend at Knightsbridge."
TOMMY (*aside*). "Takes 'erself for a bloomin' Zeppelin!"
(December 16, 1914)

FROM OUR SPECIALLY CREDULOUS CORRESPONDENT

STOKER. "I see the torpedo approachin' us; so, without waitin' fer any orders, I dives overboard, just gives 'im a flick on 'is little rudder, an' off 'e goes to starb'd an' passes us 'armlessly by."

(*September 23, 1914*)

that case it would be his painful duty to put up a different card for me on the next day.

There seemed to be nothing more to say. I was about to go when a face which I recognised emerged from the gloom. It had a shirt underneath it and then legs. The face began to grin at me.

"Hallo," said a voice.

"Hallo, Rogers," I said; "*you* enlisting? I thought you couldn't get leave." Rogers is in the Civil Service, and his work is supposed to be important.

"Well, I haven't exactly got leave—yet," he said awkwardly. "The fact is, I just came here to ask about a commission for a friend, and while I was here I—er—suddenly decided to risk it. You know Madingley, by the way, don't you?"

"I used to think so," I said.

But now I see that there is more in Madingley than I thought. His job in this war is simple—and exactly suited to himself. By arrangement with the War Office he sends likely recruits to make enquiries for him—and the sergeant does the rest.

A. A. M.

VILLAGE WORTHY (*discussing possibilities of invasion*). "Wull, there can't be no battle in these parts, Jarge, for there bain't no field suitable, as you may say; an' Squire 'e won't lend 'em the use of 'is park"

(*December 9, 1914*

LADY (*diligent reader of spy articles and exposures of Anglo-German businesses*) *to alien window-cleaner.* "Look here: you needn't come any more." WINDOW CLEANER. "Endirely Bridisch Gombany, Lady." LADY. "Yes, I daresay. But for all I know you might be part of the flower of the German Army."

(*October 21, 1914*)

A Chat with Scylla and Charybdis

I AM an uncle. I don't say it in any boasting spirit, but simply to show you that I have a stake in the country. I found my nieces the other evening in the nursery.

Lillah, looking distressingly bored, was lying face downwards on the floor. Phyllis was putting the hands of the clock back, lest, as the ancients had it, bed-time anticipate her.

My arrival was not the signal for a furore.

"Here's Uncle James," said Lillah, without emotion, while Phyllis said nothing at all.

Luckily I knew the way to rouse them.

"Good evening, babies," I said.

When the uproar had died down they decided that I might be of some use,

"Tell us about the War," said Lillah.

" Yes," echoed Phyllis.

" The War," I began, " is a very terrible thing."

" That's what Mummie says," said Phyllis with an air of reproach.

I apologised for having pilfered someone else's *mot*.

" And Daddy says," added Lillah, with obvious effort, " it's a disgrace to sillyvisation."

" And he says, damme, he wishes he was a bit younger," said Phyllis with immense gravity.

" Daddy says," Lillah went on, " that we are fighting for the flag. Are we ? "

" Certainly," I answered.

" Do the Germans want our flag ? "

" They want everything."

" Why couldn't we give them one like it ? " asked Phyllis with deadly common-sense.

" Because they can't even keep their own clean," said I.

PUBLIC-HOUSE DIPLOMATIST (*to second ditto, with whom he has been discussing the ultimate terms of peace at Berlin*). "I shouldn't be too 'ard on 'em. I'd leave 'em a bit of the Rhine to sing abaht!"

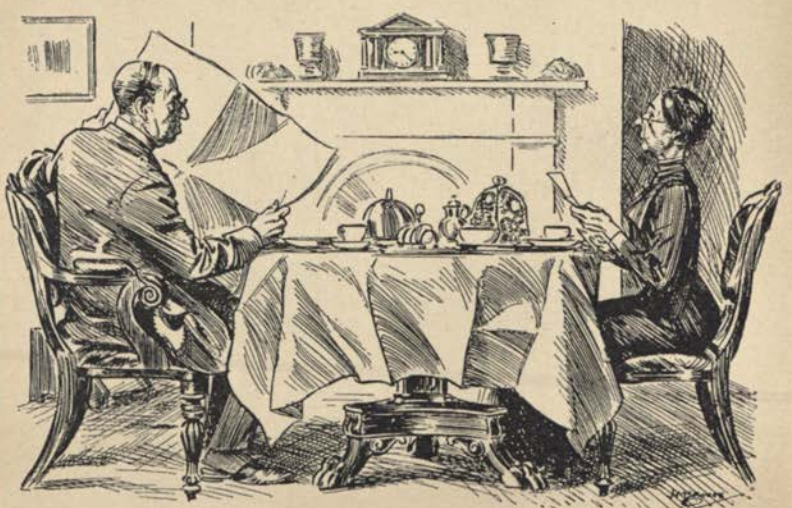
(*October 14, 1914*)

THE HISTORY OF A PAIR OF MITTENS

"I pity the pore chaps that 'aven't got out 'ere. London streets, this time o' year, with the drizzle and slush must be awful."

OLD LADY. "So, William, you 've come back to us wounded, I hear. How did it happen?" WILLIAM. "Shell, Mum."
OLD LADY. "A shell! Oh, dear, dear! And did it explode?" WILLIAM. "Explode, Mum? Not likely. It just crept softly up behind—*and bit me!*"

(*December 22, 1915*)

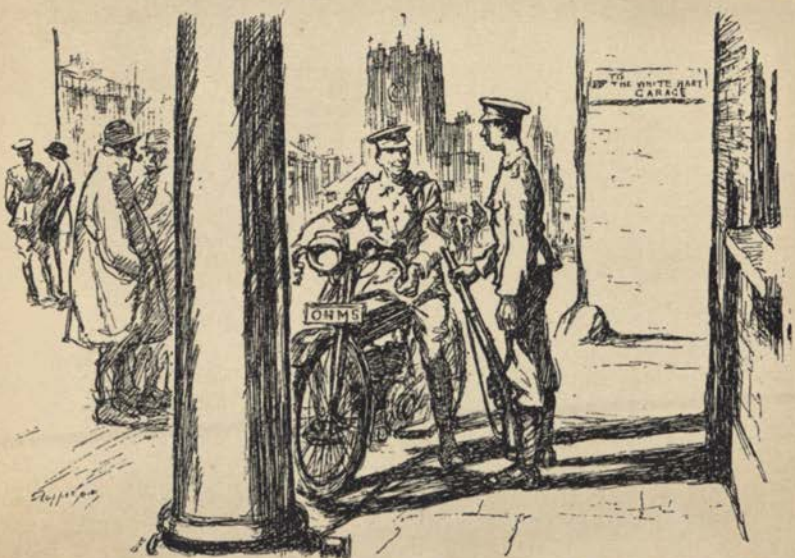


MR. PESSIMIST (*cheering up for once*). "British Mesopotamian success."
MRS. PESSIMIST. "That 's the worst of it. They mess up all their successes."

(*December 8, 1915*)

FOND MOTHER. "Ay, dear lad, there's not a day passes but what I think of you in that awful sub'arine, with only the periscup to breathe through."

(1915)



CYCLIST. "I have a despatch for the officer in command. Can I see him?"
SENTRY (*a raw one*). "Yus. Shall I fetch un out to 'ee?"

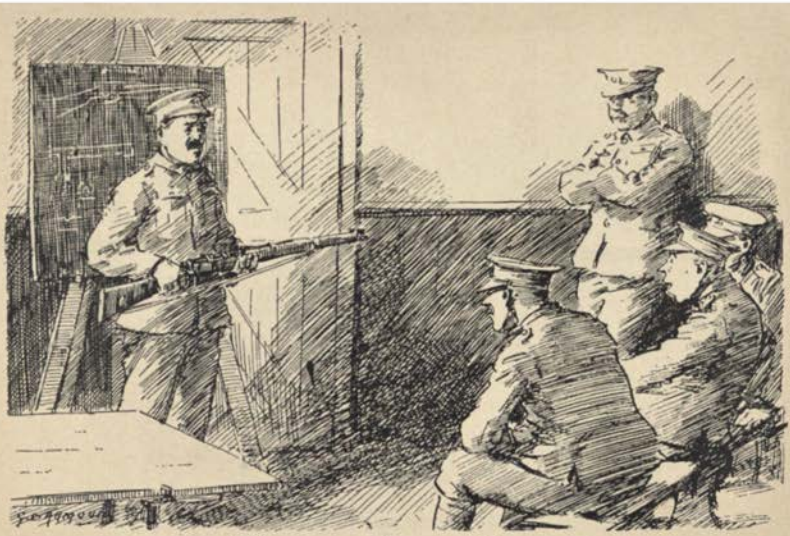
(January 27, 1915)

" They could send it to the wash," pondered Lillah.
" They will have to," I answered grimly.
" Daddy says we are fighting for sillyvisation too. Are we ?"
" Your father," I said, " is always right."
" I know," said Phyllis gravely. " I wanted to see if you knew."
" Your Uncle also," I said with hauteur, " is seldom wrong."
There was a ponderous silence.
" Mummie told Daddy," said Lillah, " that you weren't ever very bright."
" Oh, indeed !" said I. I shall say a few hard words to Margaret about that—putting ideas into the children's heads.
" And when we've won," said Phyllis, " will we have sillyvisation ?"
" I hope so."
" What will it be like—a fairy-tale ?"
" Very probably."
" Daddy says it's freedom. What's freedom ?"
" Freedom," I said, " is—er—being able to do what you like."
" Then won't there be any policemen after the War ?"
" Oh yes, we shall keep the policemen."
" Why ?"
" Because the streets would look so bare without them."

THE HARDSHIPS OF HOME

YOUNG OFFICER (*back from the trenches, on ninety-six hours' leave*). "This is horrible—having to take all your clothes off and get between cold sheets!"

(*January 6, 1915*)



A PROMISING TRENCH FIGHTER

INSTRUCTOR. "Flynn, ye 've not been attending. What do ye know, now, with all the instruction I 'm afther giving?"

PRIVATE FLYNN. "Och, well, I know that if ye 'd want to hit a man over the head, it 's the thick ind ye 'd be doin' ut with." (*December 8, 1915*)

They looked at me with suspicion ; even at that tender age they could not believe in an æsthetic ratepayer.

" Do people like the War ? " said Phyllis.

" No," I answered. That was easy.

" Not even the Germans ? "

" I think not."

" But if nobody made the big guns there wouldn't be any war ? "

" Er—no," I said.

" Then why do people—— ? "

" Well—er——" I stopped. I could see that my last rags of reputation for brightness were going. I was in the Uncle's last ditch.

" When you are older," I began ; but Lillah interrupted.

" And why don't policemen take the people who make the guns ? " It was Phyllis's shot.

" And if nobody wants the War what makes it go on ? "

" And if it 's a disgrace," queried Lillah, " why does Daddy want to go ? "

" And why," began Phyllis ; but I put up my hand.

" One day," I said, " I must tell you the story of Socrates, who had to drink a very nasty medicine called hemlock."

"Come along, slacker, or I'll put Lord Derby on to you!"

(*December 8, 1915*)

" What for ?" asked Lillah.

" For asking too many questions," I said.

" Were the people who gave it to him the people who didn't know the answers ?" said Lillah.

" Yes, they were," I said, as I rose.

I took out my watch.

" Good heavens, it's after bedtime !"

" Does your watch say right ?" said Phyllis.

" It sometimes underestimates, but it never exaggerates," I said. At that moment Daddy himself appeared.

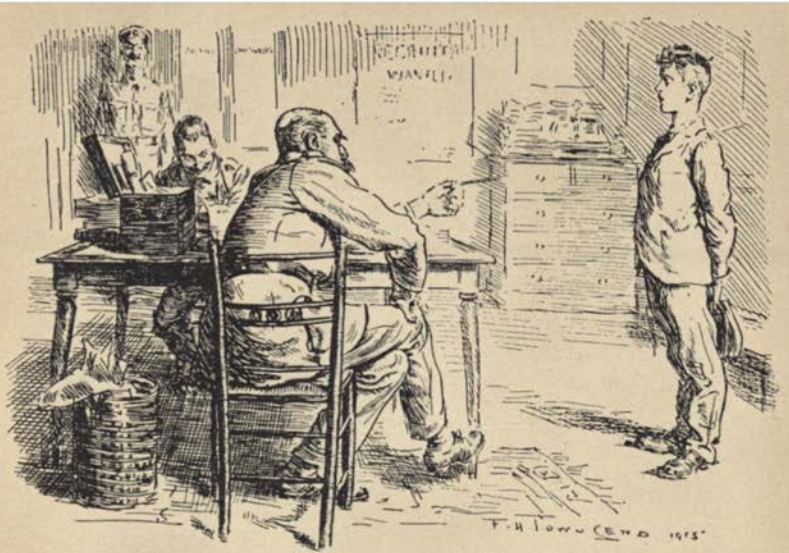
" Good-night, chicks," he said. " Has Uncle James been amusing you ?"

" We've been playing with him," said Lillah with gravity.

And if ever there was a *double entendre* I'll swear it was there. And so they went to bed.

" I don't know," I said to George as we went downstairs, " why you called your daughters Lillah and Phyllis ; their real names are Scylla and Charybdis."

But George is a dull man, and simply said that Charybdis Watson would have sounded ridiculous.



OFFICER (*to boy of thirteen who, in his effort to get taken on as a bugler, has given his age as sixteen*). "Do you know where boys go who tell lies?"
APPLICANT. "To the Front, Sir." (*August 11, 1915*)

PRIVATE BROWN (*out of the picture*). "Who put the butter on this bread?"
SISTER MARY (*sternly*). "I did, Brown."
PRIVATE BROWN. "O—ho! Who took it off, then?" (*September 15, 1915*)

FARMER. "Still on home service, then?" YEOMAN. "Yes."
FARMER. "Supposing the Germans came to England, what would you do?"
YEOMAN (*indignantly*). "Why, volunteer for foreign service at once of course."
(*November 24, 1915*)

LADY. "I want some studs, please, for my son."
SHOPMAN. "Yes, Madam—for the front?"
LADY. "No—home defence."

The Infantryman

THE gunner rides on horseback, he lives in luxury,
The sapper has his dug-out as cushy as can be,
The flying man's a sportsman, but his home's a long way back,
In painted tent or straw-spread barn or cosy little shack;
Gunner and sapper and flying man (and each to his job, say I)
Have tickled the Hun with mine or gun or bombed him from on high,
But the quiet work, and the dirty work, since ever the War began
Is the work that never shows at all, the work of the infantryman.

The guns can pound the villages and smash the trenches in,
And the Hun is fain for home again when the T.M.B.'s begin,
And the Vickers gun is a useful one to sweep a parapet,
But the real work is the work that's done with bomb and bayonet.
Load him down from heel to crown with tools and grub and kit,

EAST COAST FARMER. "Have I really to do this wi' all my beasts, if so be as the Germans land in these parts?"

OFFICER. "Yes. Live stock of every description has to be branded and driven west."

FARMER. "I can see my way all right except for my bees. What am I to do wi' my bees?"

(February 10, 1915)

OFFICER (*visiting Sentry*). "And what are your duties?"
SENTRY (*after a few minutes' hesitation*). "To prevent any unauthorized person from entering Government property and to stop all air raids."

(*December 8, 1915*)

He's always there where the fighting is
—he's there unless he's hit ;
Over the mud and the blasted earth he
goes where the living can ;
He's in at the death while he yet has
breath, the British infantryman !

Trudge and slip on the shell-hole's lip,
and fall in the clinging mire—
Steady in front, go steady ! Close up
there ! Mind the wire !
Double behind where the pathways wind !
Jump clear of the ditch, jump clear !
Lost touch at the back ? Oh, halt in
front ! and duck when the shells
come near !
Carrying parties all night long, all day in
a muddy trench,
With your feet in the wet and your head
in the rain and the sodden khaki's
stench !
Then over the top in the morning, and
onward all you can—
This is the work that wins the War, the
work of the infantryman.

RECRUITING OFFICER. "I'm afraid you won't get past the doctor."
PUNY BUT PUGNACIOUS RECRUIT. "I bet it won't be for the want o' tryin'. Where is 'e?"

(*November 24, 1915*)

A Single Thought

THE following letters (with accompanying gift) were sent to 2nd Lieut. Reginald Kelcy on the eve of his departure for the Front :—

From his Sister Beatrice.

DARLING REG,—I do so wish you hadn't got to go, and yet of course, if you hadn't, I should go about saying it was a horrid shame. I can't write a long letter because it is all so serious, but I am sending you a periscope to use in the trenches and those salient and sector places that seem to be so dangerous ; and I do hope you will always use it and not pop your head up. I wish I was not so far away just now, but I can't leave my patients even to see you off. Come back safe and sound to

Your loving B.

From Henry M. Saville, writing on behalf of several friends to their old schoolfellow.

DEAR OLD SPORT,—We had a little dinner last night to drink your health in—in barley water, I don't think. Jack was there and the Goat and old Hoskins and Jerry and me ; and we thought we should like to give you

some old thing to remind you of us and be a bit of use in helping you both to save your own life and remove that of as many Bosches as Heaven may send your way. Not that we are all so jolly flush—don't think that, I pray you. But you can tell that from the article itself, which is not precisely a pair of radium dumb-bells. Anyway, it accompanies this letter and is the best kind of periscope I could find at the Stores; and we all wish you the best of luck and a big bag, and wish we had your luck in getting out. However, a time will come! So soon, Yours, HENRY M. SAVILLE

P.S.—It has just occurred to me that perhaps it isn't legal to *treat* another fellow to a periscope!

From his Uncle, Lieut.-Col. Sir Hector Ricardo.

DEAR REGINALD,—I have instructed Messrs. Boothroyd of Bond Street to despatch to you by passenger train, carriage paid, the latest and best type of periscope for use in the trenches, because I am convinced that in the present kind of warfare, very different from that which I was accustomed to, no officer should be without one. If by any chance you get it broken or it is

LABOURING MAN (*sorrowfully*). "Wot if I *do* owe yer a tanner—wot's a *tanner*? 'Ere's me *thinking* in millions—millions o' pahnds to 'elp keep the old country safe—and there's you grahsin' abaht a measly—paltry—bloomin' little tanner! Where's yer patriotism?"

"I see Mr. Basil be home again, Miss. I wonder if he be in the same regiment as my son. It be called 'The British Expeditionary Force'!"

STOUT LADY (*discussing the best thing to do in an air-raid*). "Well, I always runs about meself. You see, as my 'usband sez, an' very reasonable too, a movin' targit is more difficult to 'it."

mislaid, at once let me know, and I will replace it. If you are hit, hand it to one of your companions. Your sincere Friend, HECTOR RICARDO

P.S.—When footsore it is a good plan to change socks. Whiskey poured in the boots is also a help.

From his old Nurse.

DEAR MASTER REGINALD,—I can't bear to think of you going off to the Front at this time of year, and you such a one too to catch cold. I wish I could come with you to take care of you and see that you changed your wet things, but of course that is not to be thought of. I should have knitted you something warm, only for the rheumatics in my hands, and so I am sending you instead something which my nephew, who is home wounded, says that every soldier ought to have and which I got the Vicar to get for me when he went to London. I am too old to understand such things, but they say you can see through this over the top of a trench without being seen yourself. Dear Master Reginald, I shall pray for you every day; and don't forget to take plenty of camphor pillules with you for when you are chilled.

Yours respectfully, ANN LIVESAY

V.A.D. NURSE. "Oh, dear! What *shall* I do? A light diet has eaten up a full diet!"

FEEDING TIME

JOCK (*accustomed to the formula of Orderly Officers*). "Any complaints?"
(*November 3, 1915*)

From his Cousin, Miss Constance Sabin.

MY DEAREST REG.,—I am so proud to think you are an officer, with men all of your own, and I shall never cease to regret being so far away that I can't walk along the street with you and see you receiving salutes—at any rate not till you come back, which of course you are going to do. I have a feeling that you will, and I am very rarely wrong. And not wounded either, or only the teeniest. Do take care of yourself and keep your head down, and do always use the periscope I am sending you. I shall think of you so much over there. Your cousin, CON

P.S.—I am sure you will get either the D.S.O. or V.C.

From his Grandmother.

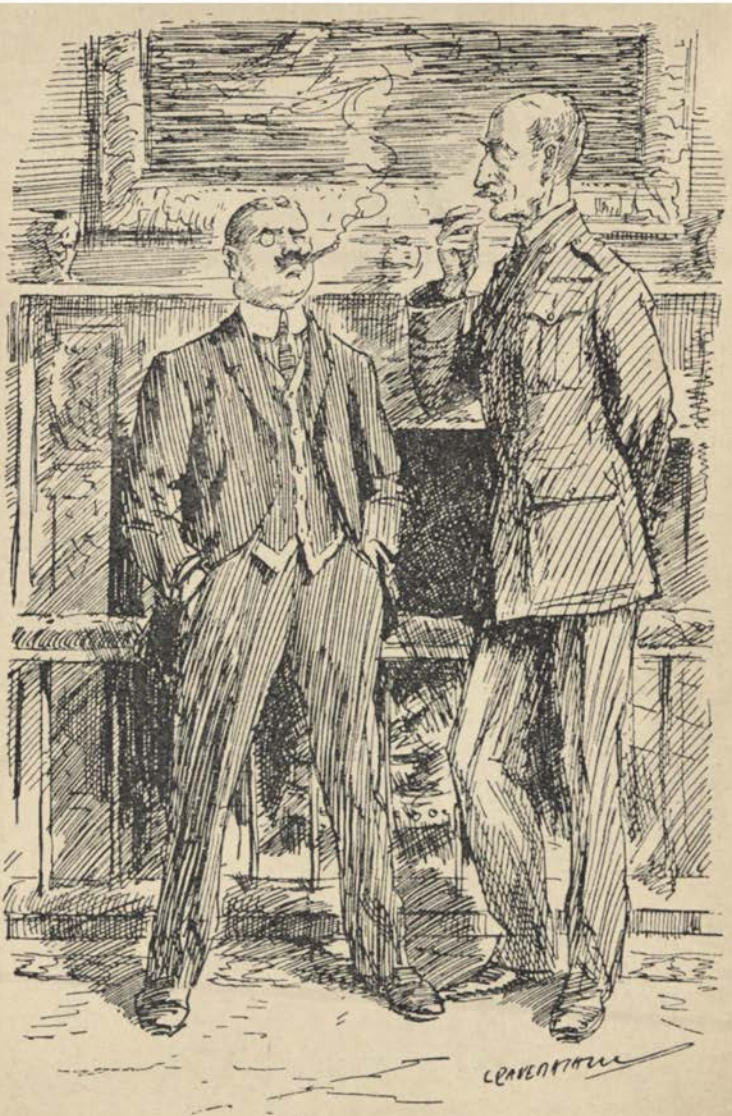
MY DEAR REGINALD,—I am greatly disappointed not to have had a visit from you, but I suppose you have had no time. I should have come to your camp, but felt that old women probably were not wanted there. Having

FIERY MAJOR (*discussing delinquent Subaltern*). "But there—what can you expect? He's only one of those *temporary* blighters!"
COLONEL (*sweetly*). "But isn't that better than being a *permanent* blighter?"

asked several persons what is the best present for a young officer at the Front and getting the same reply from all, I am sending you a periscope; and I hope you will make a point of always shooting through it. I also enclose a small cheque for anything else you may be wanting. God bless you, my dear boy. Your affectionate GRANNIE

MISTRESS. "Afraid of the Zeppelins? Don't be stupid, Mary. The Master's going out after them."

(April 7, 1915)



"Don't you think I should look rather a fool in uniform?"
"Well, of course, my dear fellow, it isn't much of a disguise."

THE PESSIMIST

DAUGHTER. "Splendid news from the Front this morning. We've——

MOTHER. "Hush, dear. I hear your father coming. Hide the paper; if he sees it he won't touch his breakfast."

The Mote and the Beam

"EXCUSE me," I said to the man standing by the big motor car, "but I must ask you to reduce the power of your head-lights. They're brighter than the regulations permit."

"Indeed," he said rather severely. "Do you know who I am?"

His tone rather vexed me. "No," I said, "and I don't care. You may rent a box at Covent Garden or a stall in the Caledonian Market, but those lights have got to come down."

"Have they?" he said. "Who says so?"

"I do," I said. "Do you know who I am?"

"No," he said, "and I—— Who are you, I mean?"

"One of the Special Constables for this Division," I said, drawing myself up to the full extent of my new braces. "I'm a person to be reckoned with. I could even run you in. But come, what about these lights?"

"Well, what do you want to do about them?"

"It isn't," I said, "what I want to do about them; it's what I've been instructed to do."

"But what are your instructions?" he said.

NEAR-SIGHTED OLD LADY (*a keen Recruiter*). "Now look at that young fellow. A couple of months in the Army would make a new man of him!"

(*July 28, 1915*)

THE CIVILIAN

(August 18, 1915)

" Well," I said, " I'm not quite clear what I have to do if you decline to lower the lights yourself. I take it you do decline ?"

" Well," he said, " I admit I don't want to do it."

" I ought," I said, " to have some written instructions on how to act, but I haven't. I have a whistle, and might call assistance, it's true, but we don't want a crowd round if we can help it, do we ?"

" No," he said.

" I have it," I said. " If you wouldn't mind staying here while I go to the nearest police-station, the Inspector will tell me what I ought to do next."

" Oh, I shan't run away," he said.

" And you won't drive away in the car ?" I asked.

" No," he said.

" Look here," I said, " you seem a decent chap for a motorist, and I don't want to be severe. Couldn't you bring yourself to lower them just the weeniest ? They're only about twenty over-proof."

" No," he said, " not the teeny-weeniest."

" Then," I said, " there's no help for it. I'm off to the station. I have your word ?"

THE SLACKER

(April 28, 1915)

STUDIES IN NERVES (NOVEMBER 5)

Before the War.

Now.
(*November 3, 1915*)

" Certainly," he said.

I turned to go. " I say ! " he called.

" Ah," I said, turning back with relief ; " you relent ? "

" No," he said, " it isn't that. I was only going to say that here's the owner of the car coming back, I think."

" The owner," I gasped. " Then who are you ? "

" Nobody in particular," he said, smiling. " I've just been waiting here all the evening for a friend who hasn't turned up."

ECONOMY

MACTAVISH (*to convalescent soldier*). "I was hearin' ye had a bullet in ye yet. Are ye no gawn ta hae it taen oot?"

SOLDIER. "No the noo. Ye see, I'll be gawn back tae the fr-ront in a wee while, an' when I come back I'll just hae them a' oot thegither!"

" In Carniola, during the night of the 15th, the enemy delivered a violent attack against Pal Piccolo." We are glad to add that our gallant little friend repulsed him with serious losses.

Recruiting-sergeants are to wear more attractive uniforms. In this we discern the powerful influence of the Brighter Peace Society.

The latest theory—and a very credible one—about the Angels who are said to have been seen at Mons is that they were Hospital Nurses.

A shell bursting in a trench in France struck a box of gramophone needles, seventeen of which were afterwards extracted from a soldier's back. That is " getting the needle " with a vengeance.

MACPHERSON (*seeing his nephew off by steamer*). "An' fur fear ye meet wi' ony o' they German submarines, here's a braw life-savin' wais'cut. They tell me they're verra efficacious."

DONALD. "Wha's gotten the rest o' the suit?"

FIRST BURGLAR. "Disgriceful, I call it! Great 'efty young feller like 'im ought ter be in the Army."

SENTRY (*suddenly appearing*). "Halt! who goes there?"
BROWN. "Er—season!"

TERRITORIAL DRIVER (*getting dangerously near the sea*). " 'Alt, carn't yer? I'm only for home service, if *you* ain't!"

(*December 1, 1915*)

Zeppelin Drill

I HAD often seen the little lady at No. 4, but it is only lately that I have discovered that there is in her the makings of a General.

We found out about her strategic dispositions in a roundabout way. Her maid told the milkman, and in the course of nature the news came to us. Every night her maid carries into her room a fur coat, a large pair of boots and a coal-scuttle.

It is, of course, her preparation to meet a Zeppelin attack.

Everybody is getting ready. Bulpitt's wife's mother, for example—Bulpitt is my next-door neighbour—is making him dig a bomb-proof hole in the garden. Bulpitt thought there might be some difficulty about getting her into it. I pointed out that there would be more difficulty in getting her out—the hole is very deep. He said he didn't worry about that.

Two nights later we had a scare. Every light went out along the road and people were doing all kinds of safe things. It turned out afterwards that Stewart was testing his family Zeppelin drill, and fired three shots to make it realistic. His wife then put the baby in the copper with the lid one inch open. She herself stood beside a certain wall which, according to Stewart, could not be knocked down because of the stresses and strains that would be set up.

That was all very well for him ; the only thing that went wrong was that a little water had been left in the copper. But what about poor Johnson,

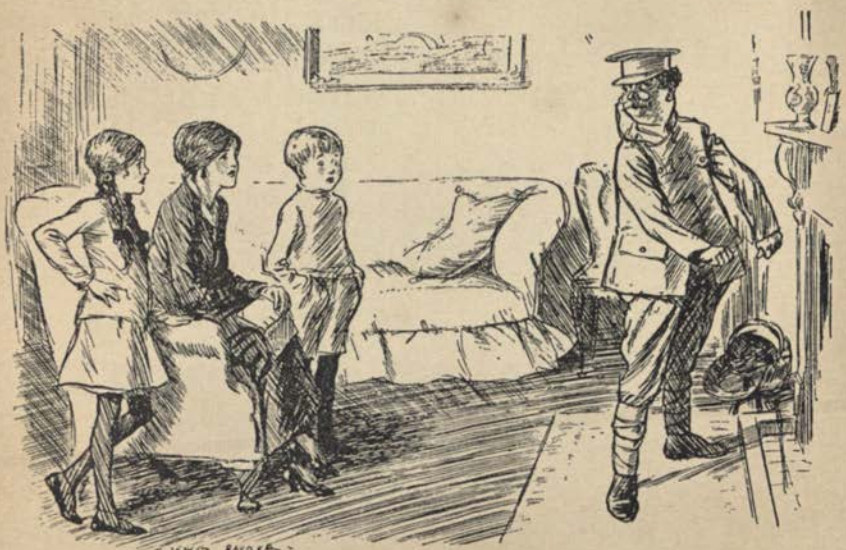
who had to pile all the mattresses in the coal-cellar ? He was awfully black and angry when he found out.

And what about Carruthers, who emptied a fire-pail on the drawing-room fire, and had to explain a long muddy pool to his wife, who is rather deaf and hadn't heard the shots ?

As for Bulpitt's wife's mother, she was in the pit for over an hour before we hauled her out. The first time we got her to the surface she gasped out, quite smilingly, " Now I know what it's like in the tren——" and then she slipped back with an oozy thud. The second time she said, " I don't think they'll come ag——" The third time she said, " I don't care if the Zeppel——" And when we did get her out she said nothing at all, and I was sorry for Bulpitt.

Amidst all these scenes of confusion little Miss Agatha at No. 4 stood at attention in a fur overcoat and a big pair of boots that would easily slip on, with a coal-scuttle on her head to keep off bombs. She stood there warm, safe, and respectably clad, waiting till the house crashed about her and the time came to save herself.

I hate to think of the Zeppelins coming ; but if they do come I hope—how I hope !—I shall be near No. 4 to see the indomitable little lady emerge.



BOBBIE (*as his father exhibits his new Volunteer uniform*). "Well! Mother—I say! This brings war home to us, doesn't it?"

(*February 17, 1915*)

NEPHEW. "I'm reading a very interesting book, Aunt, called 'Germany and the Next War.'"

AUNT. "Well, my dear, I should have thought they had their hands full enough with the present one."

DON JUAN IN KHAKI

SHOP ASSISTANT (*to Tommy who has asked to see some silver name-brooches*). "Here you are. Take your choice. Ethel, Maud, Gladys, Pearl, Dolly—any of these?"

TOMMY. "Yes, all those but Gladys. And I'll have Polly and Alice too, if you've got 'em."

FOND MOTHER. "I 'm afraid it 's no use; he 's set his mind on having one with 'Jellicoe' on it." (*May 12, 1915*)

The Mouth-Organ

OH, there ain't no band to cheer us up,
there ain't no 'Ighland pipers
To keep our warlike ardure warm round
New Chapelle an' Wipers ;
So—since there 's nothin' like a tune to
glad the 'eart o' man—
Why, Billy with 'is mouth-organ 'e does
the best 'e can.

There ain't no birds in Plug Street Wood,
the guns 'ave sent 'em flyin',
An' there ain't no song to 'ear except
the squealin' shells a-cryin' ;
The thrushes all 'ave 'ooked it, an' the
blackbird's 'ad to flit . . .
So Billy with 'is mouth-organ 'e ups an'
does 'is bit.

'Is notes is somewhat limited, they are
not 'igh an' soary ;
'E 'asn't got that many things in 'is
bloomin' repertory ;
But when 'e's played the lot, why, then
'is course is straight an' plain,
'E starts at the beginnin' an' 'e plays 'em
all again!

'E 's played 'em oft upon the march, an'
likewise in the trenches ;
'E 's played 'em to the Gurkhas, an' 'e's
played 'em to the Frenchies ;
'E may be ankle-deep in dust or middle-
deep in slime,
But Billy with 'is mouth-organ 'e 's at it
all the time.

Wet, 'ungry, thirsty, 'ot or cold, what-
ever may betide 'im,
'E 'll play upon the 'ob of 'ell while the
breath is left inside 'im ;
And when we march up Potsdam street
an' goosestep through Berlin,
Why, Billy with 'is mouth-organ 'e 'll
play the Army in !

PROUD MOTHER (*taking her first walk with her son since he put his uniform on*). "You seem to have made quite a nice lot of new friends already, my boy."

(*May 19, 1915*)

"How is it you're not serving, young man?"
"Early closing to-day, Sir."

(*April 21, 1915*)

SYMPATHETIC RECRUIT (*whose pal has had his ears boxed by exasperated Sergeant*). "'E didn't ought to do that, did 'e?"

THE INJURED ONE. "It don't matter if 'e did ought or if 'e didn't ought, 'e dun it, didn't 'e?"

THE HORRORS OF WAR IN THE WEST-END

NEW CLUB WAITRESS. "Looks quite tasty, don't it?"

(*June 30, 1915*)

FOND MOTHER. "Isn't the War dreadful? And *so* awkward when poor dear Sylvia is just coming out." (*July 28, 1915*)

LADY (*to policeman on duty*). "Oh, have you seen the Zeppelin? Which way did it go?" POLICEMAN (*in best official manner*). "Up the street opposite, Madam, and first turning on the left." (*November 10, 1915*)

POPULAR ACTOR. "I've made up my mind to join the Army. After all, one must remember that one is only a luxury."
(*November 17, 1915*)

EXAMINE ARMS

OFFICER (*severely*). "Is this rifle supposed to have been cleaned?"
PRIVATE. "Well, Sir—yes. But you know what these servant gals are!" (*July 21, 1915*)

Fishing in Flanders

ON our last spell from the trenches we amused ourselves by fishing a stream that ran close to our rest billets. The doctor, whose skill as a fisherman is apparently as widely known on the Tweed as it is with us after dinner in mess, did catch one stickleback. But apart from this success neither the glamour of the Entente Cordiale nor the last word in trout rods and fly-books had any effect on those unsportsmanlike fish. Night after night we used to watch the village fathers returning in triumph with their simple rods over their shoulders, and many a fat half-pounder stuck in their pockets winked at us mockingly.

" Wait till Sergeant McCallum comes," said the Colonel, and in his advice we found consolation. Now Sergeant McCallum is a Scottish gillie in private life and a holy terror to the Huns in his present capacity. British to the backbone, he views anything of foreign nature with dour suspicion. It is characteristic of him that to the " Bon soir, M'sieur " of his hostess at bed-time he invariably replies with a grave " Guid nicht, M'am." But so far as

"I say, Lady Rakeham, that chauffeur feller of yours—he ought to join the Army, you know."

"Oh, d' ye think so? Well, I don't know. You see, it cuts both ways. If he joined the Army I shouldn't be able to come and help here."

(*July 21, 1915*)

OLD LADY (*to nephew on leave from the Front*). "Good-bye, my dear boy, and try and find time to send a postcard to let me know you are safely back in the trenches."

MADE IN GERMANY

"Mabel, go on with your work, and don't gnaw your pencil."
"But, Miss Finch, I 'm only gnawing off 'Bavaria.' "

Message, passed by word of mouth—"Enemy advancing from Amersham"—*reaches the local auctioneer, who sends it on in the following form:* "Hany advance on Hamersham?"
(*September 15, 1915*)

CIVILIAN DIGNITY

SENTRY. "Who goes there?"
SPECIAL CONSTABLE. "Special Constable."
SENTRY. "Advance, Special Constable."
SPECIAL CONSTABLE. "Advance yourself!"

(*March 17, 1915*)

fishing went he was the regimental hope, and soon after his arrival he was the devoted recipient of at least ten rods and as many varieties of fly. As we walked down to the stream that evening I impressed upon him the necessity of establishing our reputation in the eyes of the village.

" I doot ma hand wilna cast a fly sae licht after twa weeks o' throwing hand-grenades, Sir," he said, " and this wee trickle isna the Tay," pointing to the stream ; but he was soon whipping the water in masterly fashion.

After two hours we went home with despair in our hearts to eat fish that had been caught by the schoolmaster's boy. Sergeant McCallum had failed.

" It's a meeserable war. The very troot are skulkin' in dug-oots," was all he said.

Next day we were having guests to dinner, and the Colonel himself implored the Sergeant to do his best. Off he went again, but this time positively refused to allow any of us to accompany him. " Na, na, Sir, it's publeecity that inteemidates the wee fish," he said ; and when later he returned with six plump little trout we appreciated his preference for solitude. Oh the delight of being able to reply to our guests that night, " Yes, our own catch. We get quite good fun in the local stream."

For the next three nights Sergeant McCallum came back with a good

WHAT TO DO WITH OUR GERMAN HELMETS

(*March 17, 1915*)

AT THE "SPOTTED DOG." "I 'ear there be two hundred soldiers—Borderers, they calls 'em—'ave come 'ere. Do yer reckon they 'll be for us or agin' us, Jarge?"

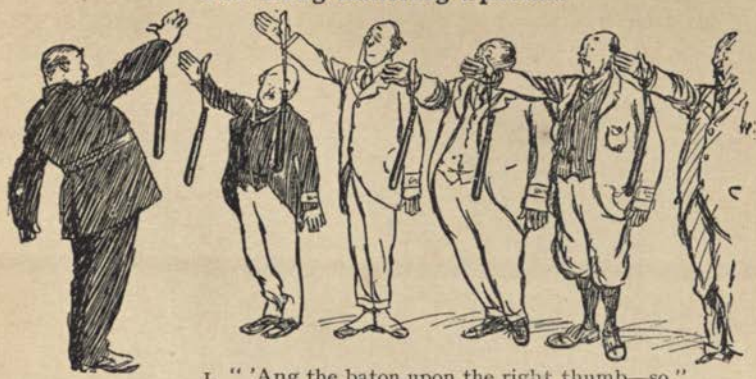
FRIEND. "Why, you still 'ere? I thought you was leaving."
MARY JANE. "So I was, but every time I tell 'er I 'm going she buys me another War Loan."

Fashionable mother is stricken with remorse by the cry of her children: "Oh, Mummy, why can't we have some new clothes?"

And shares her new dress with the family.

(*Dec. 1, 1915*)

Our Long-Suffering Specials



1. " 'Ang the baton upon the right thumb—so."

2. "Spin it round sharply, and the baton comes naturally into the 'and."

3. "So—as you were!"

(*March 10, 1915*)

haul, while the rest of us never got even a bite, with the exception of the doctor, who caught another stickleback. On the fourth evening I determined to find out what was the secret of the master-hand's success. After half-an-hour's search up-stream I heard a sad voice coming from the direction of a bush : " Ay, it's a meeserable war, and that's ma last pin."

Cautiously I approached, and suddenly stopped dead. " Sergeant McCallum," I gasped, " has it come to this ? "

He started up with a guilty look. In one hand he held a small pill, evidently made from the slab of ration cheese at his side. In the other was a bent pin tied to the end of a piece of string.

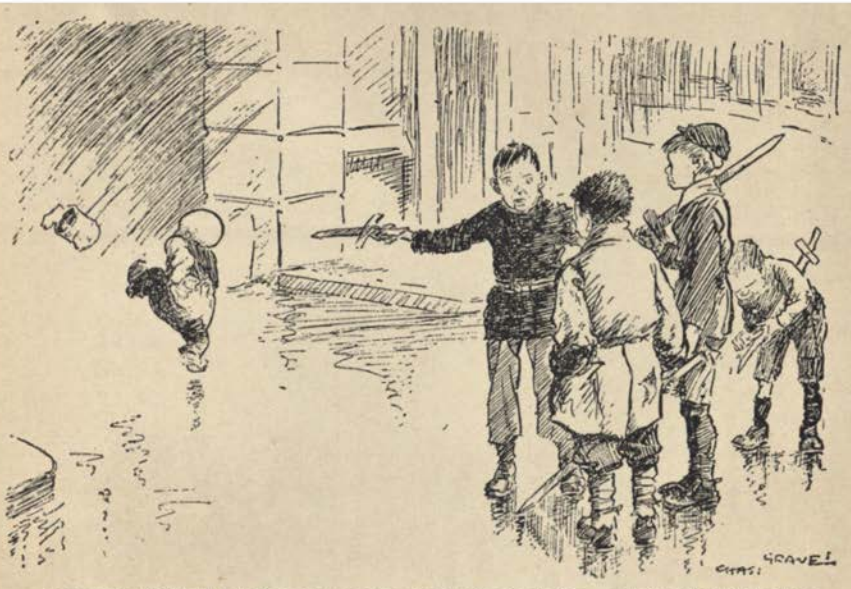
MORE LANGUAGE OF THE HOUR

HAWKER (*after receiving a caution from a somewhat talkative Policeman*). "You ain't 'arf got a muzzle velocity!"

(*February 24, 1915*)

" The Weekly Dispatch " has published a symposium entitled, " What strikes me most about the War." An officer at the Front says that, if he had been asked to contribute, his answer would have been " Shrapnel."

Extract from a soldier's letter (forwarded by Censor) : " They are sending intoxating shells over to the germans now. i supos thats where our rum issue is going. and then they talk about no treating in England."



OFFICER. "Didn't I tell yer 'e was no good? Look at 'im—playin' football when us fellers is drillin'!"

PATRIOTIC VILLAGER (*discussing ages*). "If this War 'ad only started thirty years ago, Sir, I could just 'a squeezed into the Army." (*July 28, 1915*)

WIFE. "Grand news this morning, dear. We've taken several thousand prisoners."
PESSIMIST. "They're sure to escape."

Study of a lady who, during a Zeppelin scare, has fled to the cellar and thinks that, after all, it was a cowardly thing to do.

(January 3, 1915)

VISITOR. "How delighted you must have been when you heard your son had won the V.C.!"

SCOTCH WIFE. "O ay! I was pleased enough, but I wasna surprised. He stood up to *me* once!"

INQUISITIVE LADY. "And what do you do with the submarines when you catch them?"

NAVAL OFFICER. "Depends on their size. We *always* throw back the little ones."

SMALL BOY (*much interested in Shopman's reason for high price of eggs*). "But, mummy, how do the hens *know* we're at war with Germany?"

"Sing it aht sonny, let's hear what it sahnds like."

(*March 10, 1915*)

CHATTY STRANGER (*to manager of Cinema Palace*). "How are things with you these days?"

MANAGER. "Oh, so-so. But we're getting *frightfully* short-handed here, you know. *We've lost three of our doormen already.*"

(*August 18, 1915*)

Rum

THERE is a nectar, not distilled
Where England's gods and princes come,
Rather by men of meaner build
In needy streets is sometimes swilled
At no excessive sum ;
But here I deem it no disgrace,
When Sol sits down in Samothrace
And Father Achi hides his face,
To fill my flask with rum.

In this hush'd hour the peasant Turk,
The other side of yonder steep,
Walks home, I ween, from vineyard work
Through rock-strewn scrub where lizards lurk
And snakes are going cheap,
To where in some deep-delvèd cell
His best Falernian goat-skins dwell,
And does himself extremely well
And settles down to sleep.

But it is now, when peasants play,
That soldiers' toils in truth begin ;
We may do nothing all the day

But feebly wave the flies away
And let the best fly win ;
But with the dark arrive our rigours,
The bags, the bombs, the ceaseless diggers,
While foemen madly work their triggers—
And that's where rum comes in.

It cheers me when the night is chill,
Or things particularly grave,
When only one lone sentry still
Is wakeful and prepared to kill
If Moslems misbehave ;
Or, while I crawl where no trench is
And spiteful missiles round me whizz
From someone in those cypresses,
It makes me almost brave.

And when I wake from some brief doze
To hear the great Red-Hats have writ
That they have reason to suppose
This is the night our frantic foes
Intend to do their bit ;
And we sad souls till dawn must act
Like men about to be attacked,
And not a thing occurs, in fact—
I shall be glad of it.

At other times my tot I raise
And take it gingerly, like snuff,
Not with the wild convivial ways,
The deep long draughts of Oxford days ;
It is not good enough ;
For, though in kindly terms I touch
On this rich stimulant, as such,
I cannot say I like it much,
Indeed I hate the stuff.

OUR WAR ECONOMIES

HUSBAND (*returning to smoking-room after being called to the telephone*). "What the——!?"

WIFE. "Oh, *I put it out*, dear, as I didn't know how long you'd be. I didn't like to see it wasting, as I knew it was a good one."

YOUNG WIFE (*at sound of explosion*). "Thomas! Thomas! The Zeppelins are here! *Did you lock the front door?*" (*July 21, 1915*)

SENTRY. "Halt! Who goes there?" RUSTIC. "Friend!"
SENTRY. "Pass, friend. All's well." RUSTIC. "Thankee, Sir. I'm sorry to 'ave woke 'ee, Sir!"

SPECIAL (*to Citizen retired for the night, whom he has called up*). "Your ground-floor window's open; and now I must report you for showing too much light."

Our Special Photographer at the Front

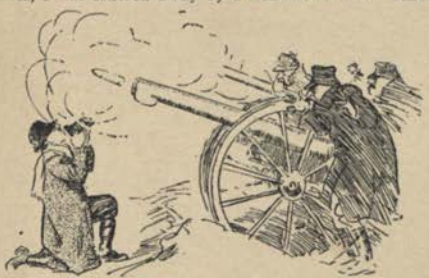
(This modest gentleman, feeling that the only flaw in his snapshots is the unavoidable omission of his own figure, has asked to have the story of his courage illustrated in black-and-white.)

I had some difficulty in reaching the firing-line.

It was lunch-time when I arrived, and I got a good picture of the trench method of taking refreshment.

However, I was ordered away by a well-known V.C.

Having taken part in the spirited charge of the —ths



I proceeded to the French lines, where I obtained a unique snap of shell actually leaving gun.

I was then arrested. My guards were of the famous —th Regiment.

Ordered by an eminent colonel to be shot, I was able to snap him in the very act of passing sentence.

Thanks to the courtesy of Captain —— I was permitted to take my last picture just as the order to fire was being given. . . . Please note timely arrival of reprieve

(December 15, 1915)

THE NOBLE ART OF "CARRYING ON"

Scene: Somewhere in France. (*September 15, 1915*)

NERVOUS OLD LADY. "Young man, if that gun's loaded, will you please hold the spout out of the window?"

Told to the Marines

THIS is the yarn wot Sergeant Wells
O' 'Is Majesty's Marine
Told in the mess 'bout seven bells—
'E's the skipper's servant an' knows a lot;
An' I don't say it's true and I don't say it's not,
But it easily might 'ave been.

" 'Twas in the fust few months o' the War,
An' the vessel wot I was on
Was layin' a couple of cables from shore;
I'd pulled to the steps in the scullin' boat
To get some thread for the skipper's coat
Where the seam of the arm 'ad gone.

" I was driftin' back on the fallin' tide,
And feeling a trifle queer,
When somethin' grated agin the side;
I sat up straight and I scratched my 'ead;
' There ain't no rocks round 'ere,' I said,
' It must 'ave bin all that beer.'

" When suddenly close on my starboard beam,
With scarcely a foot between
(I can see it now like an 'ijjus dream),
Rearin' its 'ead like a pisonous snake
Was a periscope, an' I saw the wake
Of a big 'Un submarine.

" An' I knew the ship wos an easy mark,
Like shootin' a sittin' 'en,
For the sky was bright an' 'er 'ull wos dark
With the 'ole of 'er broadside showin' clear—

JACK TAR ON LEAVE. "Yus, it was a desprit affair, and ammunition was running short. Why, at the finish we was firing six-inch shells out of our four-point-sevens!"

Couldn't 'ave missed, she was layin' so near,
If 'e'd got 'er bearin's then.

" I saw 'is cruel little eye
A-swivellin' stem to starn ;
' Now, Wells,' I ses, ' you must do or die,'
So I crammed my cap a-top o' the slit
And lashed it fast in place with a bit,
Wot I'd pinched, of the bo'sun's yarn.

" 'E wos blinded, of course, an' 'e sank like a stone,
Which wos all that the blighter could do,
An' I 'urried to speak to the skipper alone ;
I found 'im pacin' the quarter-deck,
An' I told 'im the truth in every respec'
The same as I'm tellin' you.

" Well, 'e looked me up an' 'e looked me down
Till I felt my cheeks go warm,
For I knowed there wos somethin' adrift by 'is frown ;
Then 'e closed 'is jaw with a wicious snap ;
' Where,' ses 'e, ' is your perishin' cap ?
Do you call that uniform ? '

" An' so long as Brittanyer is queen of the sea,
Which is wot she 'as always bin,
You may do your dooty as well as me,
But you won't 'ave no credit at all for the same
Unless you give 'eed to the rules of the game,
Which is Service Discipline."

VICAR'S DAUGHTER. "Where did you get those nice khaki mittens, Daisy? Did your mother knit them for you?"

DAISY. "No, Miss. Daddy sent them home from the Front at Christmas."

(*May 5, 1915*)

What the Sergeant Said

"SQUAD!—shun-as-you-were! . . . Squad—shun . . . Right—dress . . . Squad—number-as-you-were . . . Squad—number . . . as-you-were . . . Squad—number . . . Squad—standat—ease. Wake up there, Number Three. I'm sorry they made you get out o' bed so early this mornin' and I'll do my best to see that it don't occur again, but meanwhile you must knock off the rest of your beauty sleep till I've done with you. Why, blimey! Look at you! You ain't dressed. What do you mean by coming on parade only 'alf dressed? Yes, it's you I'm talking to, Number Three. You ain't fit to be seen. Look at your 'at-badge. No, don't take yer 'at off. Soldiers never takes their 'ats off for nothing nor nobody. Did you clean that there badge this morning? No, I thought not. 'Adn't time, 'adn't you? But what about larst night? I tell you what it is, my lad. You don't care. That's what it is. You don't care whether we lose this 'ere war or not. If a million blinkin' Germans landed on the East Coast to-morrow I don't believe you'd clean your 'at-badge. Oh, you would, would you? Well, the quicker

you remember to do it now the more I shall love you. Don't you never forget that if a soldier's badge ain't polished he's filthy. Doesn't matter 'ow clean 'is face and 'ands is, if 'is badge is dirty, e's dirty, and dirt is what we can't stand in the Army. What *'ave* you been doing to your face, Number Five? You don't mean to tell me you've been a-shavin' of yourself with an Army razor? What? You 'ave! Did you wear a beard afore you joined? Well, what did you shave yourself with? Why didn't you bring it with you, then? Get one given to you? Of course you gets one given to you, but that ain't for shaving, that's for kit inspections. You write 'ome for your razor. I can't 'ave recruits walkin' about lookin' as if they'd been dooellin' with bread-knives. That's a German game, that is, and we don't want none of it 'ere. *What* are you grinnin' at, Number Six? I don't 'old with personal remarks as a general rule, but 'orrible ain't the word for your grin. If you saw it yourself you'd never smile again. You keep that grin for the 'Uns. I shouldn't be surprised if it won you a medal then. But you won't go winning no medals, my lad, unless you fixes your puttees better than that. They looks more like steel shavings off 'n a lathe than anything *I* ever see. They got tucks in 'em, too, like a baby's bib, and they hangs down

BADLY-WOUNDED TOMMY. "I never remember such a quiet Bank Holiday, Mum. Somehow nothing 's brought the War home to me more."

(August 4, 1915)

kind of helpless like your grandad's socks. Blimey! I never see such puttees. I know you 'aven't got very much to fasten 'em on to, but you must do better than that. Where the blazes is your third tunic button, Number Nine? I know all about it. I can see your little bit of stuff pinning it on her little blouse with a little safety-pin. Ho, you lost it, did you? Well, get another by next parade. Toes out, Number Ten. Pigeons and geese was made to turn their toes in, even when standing at ease, but not so the 'uman being . . . Squad—Eyes front, Number Two. There's one thing I want to warn you against, my lads, and that is pinching. There's a man 'ere 'as 'ad a button pinched off 'is tunic overnight. I know girls like buttons, for 'at-pins and such. But if a fellow ain't man enough to give one of 'is own buttons away and risk a row, 'e ain't man enough to 'ave a girl to give a button to. . . . Squad!"

REGIMENTAL HUMOURIST (*arriving with the relief just as mortar goes off*). "Blimey, Bill! These trenches ain't safe!"

(*November 10, 1915*)

As a result of the War there is a famine in glass, and prices are up nearly 100 per cent. Here surely is a Heaven-sent chance for the Crystal Palace to turn itself into a financial success.

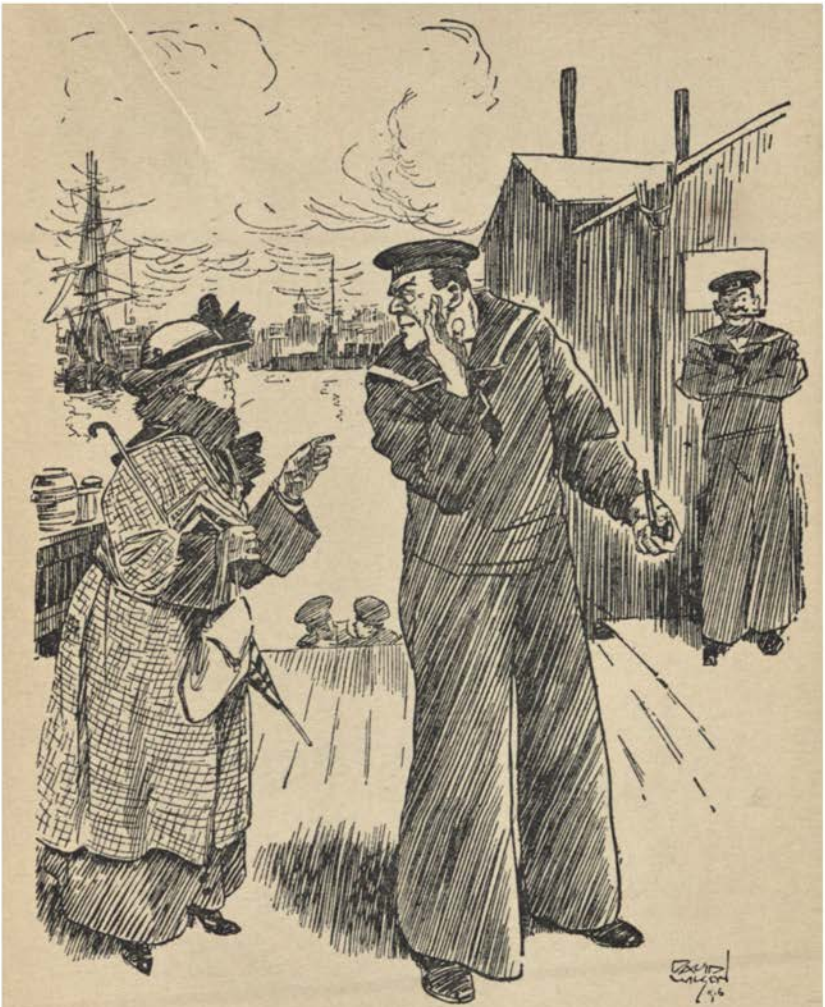
A Newcastle youth was sent to prison last week for stealing alcoholic liquor worth one hundred and sixty-eight pounds. His defence was that he thought the bottle was empty.

TOMMY (*to his prisoner*). "Do you understand English?" GERMAN. "I a leedle undershdand." TOMMY. "Well, then, blimey! you try an' 'op it, and you won't 'alf bloomin' well cop it!" (*December 15, 1915*)

CAPTURED GERMAN OFFICER (*to English Officer in charge of German prisoners*). "You fight for money; we fight for honour." ENGLISH OFFICER. "Ah, well! Neither of us seems to get what we want, do we?" (*December 15, 1915*)

"I'm not asking to be let off—I'm asking for more time. I've got a lot of contracts to finish." "How long will they take?"
"Oh, about three years—or the duration of the War." (*July 12, 1916*)

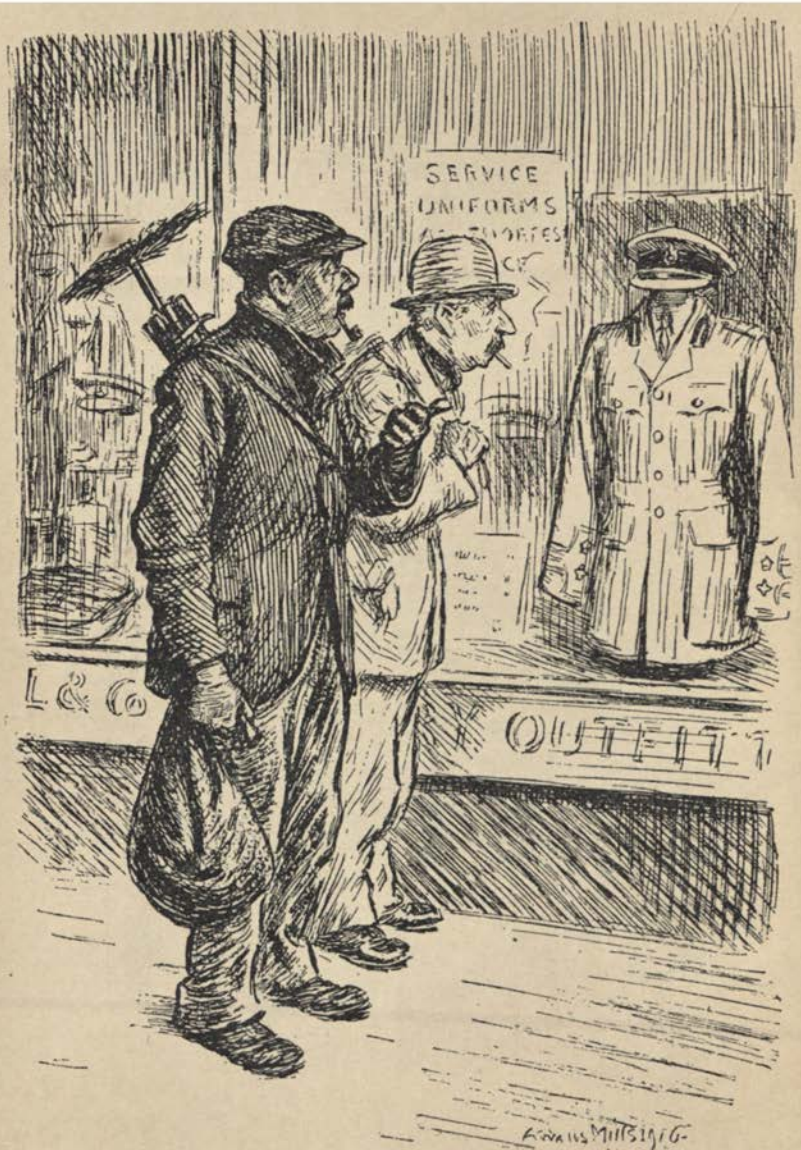
OLD LADY. "And how did you get your medal?"
TOMMY. "Won it."
OLD LADY. "Yes, yes. But how, and where?"
TOMMY (*in desperation*). "At a bazaar, Mum. In a raffle!"



KEEPING IT DARK

INQUISITIVE OLD LADY. "Why haven't you got a white top to your cap? I thought all sailors wore white tops at this season of the year."

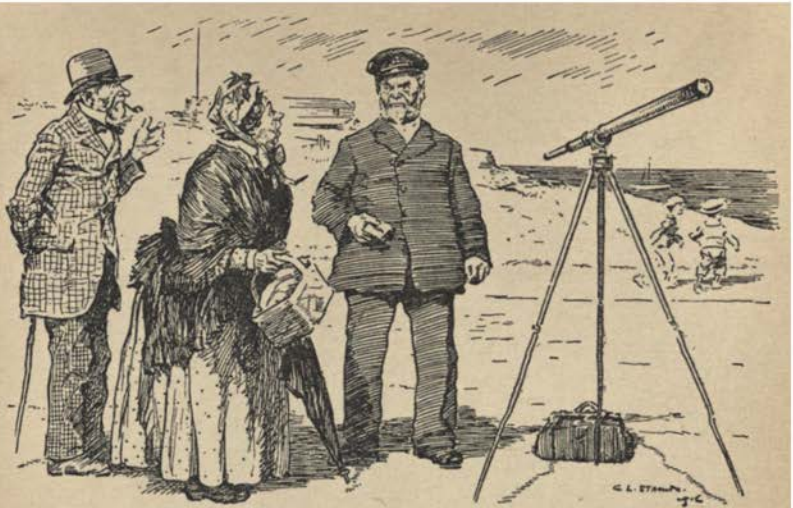
THE SAILOR. "H-u-s-h, Ma'am. We don't want the Germans to know its summer-time."



SWEEP (*who is to be called up in a few days, pointing to staff uniform*). "I shall be wearing them things next week, mate."

OFFICER. "What is your work in civil life?"
RECRUIT. "I 'm 'Queenie' in 'Home Tattle,' Sir."

(*September 20, 1916*)



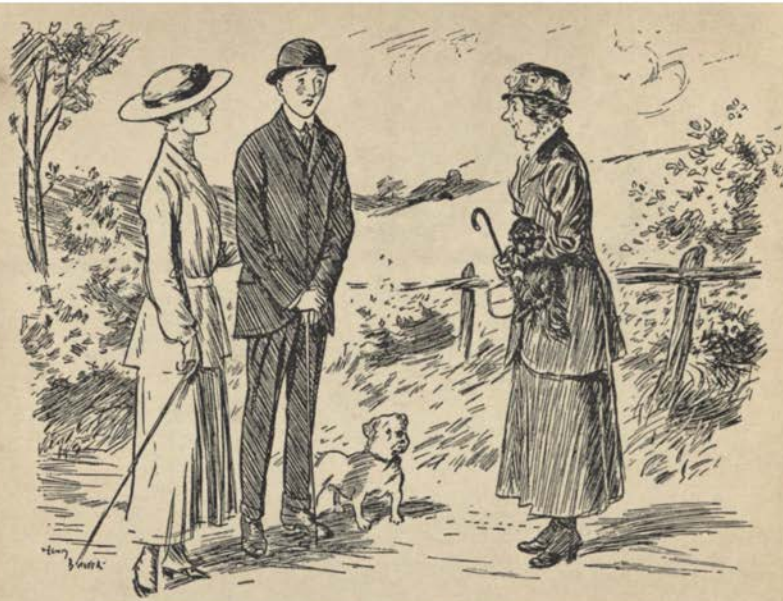
" 'Ave you fetched down many Zepperleans this morning?"

VISITOR. "And what did you do when the shell struck you?"
BORED TOMMY. "Sent mother a postcard to have my bed aired."

EXCITED DAUGHTER (*anxious to show depth of her affection*). "Carry me, daddy."

"How is it you're not at the Front, young man?"
" 'Cause there ain't no milk at that end, mum."

(*March 22, 1916*)



"This is my son. He's just left school, you know, and wants to get a commission; but he doesn't know what to join."

"Well, if you think it would be any help, I daresay I could get you an introduction to Lord Kitchener. You see, a nephew of mine has joined his army."

Discipline

WE were sitting round the fire, my two sisters, my brother Ernest with his damaged leg on a rest, and myself with my arm in a sling. It was all very cosy and pleasant.

" At the beginning of the War," Ernest began, " when I was a humble private soldier . . ."

" No, Ernest," I said firmly, " not humble. A private soldier, yes ; but humble, very emphatically no. Your attitude was one of amused condescension, not of humility. Never that."

" At the beginning of the War," Ernest repeated, " when I was a private soldier, and I still hold that I was, compared with Victor "—I am Victor— " a very humble one indeed, no incident so impressed me with the discipline of the Regiment as the incident of the newsvendor."

" You speak like a book, my dear Ernest," I said. " Like an instructive and rather uninteresting book. But let us have the incident of the newsvendor."

CRAFTY NURSE (*to soldier who won't eat his pudding*). "Come, now—don't you think you could just nibble off that salient?"

SOLDIER (*pricking up his ears*). "Of course, if you put it that way, Nurse——" (*Devours the whole plateful.*) (*September 27, 1916*)

TOMMY (*to Jock, on leave*). "What about the lingo? Suppose you want an egg over there, what do you say?" JOCK. "Ye juist say, 'Oof.'"

TOMMY. "But suppose you want two?" JOCK. "Ye say 'Twa oofs,' and the silly auld fule wife gies ye three, and ye juist gie her back one. Man, it's an awfu' easy language."

ELDER-SISTER (*who has had the notice on the door explained to her*). "Mabel, we're not to talk about the War."

THE GREAT GAME

SUBALTERN (*wounded four times at Gallipoli, about to rejoin after four months' sick leave*). "Can I get a trench dagger here?"

SHOPWALKER. "Trench dagger? Certainly, Sir. You'll get that in the Sports Department."

(*May 24, 1916*)

TOURIST. "Are there any anti-aircraft guns about here?"
FARM-HAND. "Nay. They wouldn't be allowed. Squire 'e 'ave all the shooting 'ereabouts." (*September 20, 1916*)

" Among the recruits who arrived at the Depôt at that time," he continued, " was a fine big chap—he had to be, of course, to pass into the Regiment—who had made a living by selling papers in the London streets. That peculiar throaty cry of ' All the winners,' which is affected by the best newsvendors, had been brought by him to a high state of perfection. Other qualities are required in the Regiment, however, besides physique and the throaty cry, and in these the newsvendor was somewhat to seek. For the career of a newsvendor does not instil those rigid ideas of discipline which are the life-blood of the Regiment."

" Not quite so much about the Regiment," I put in. I'm in another Regiment myself. " Get on with the incident."

" Discipline," Ernest went on unmoved, " is not, as I say, the strong point of newsvendors. That is what brought him up against the Master Cook."

Ernest paused for effect.

" You know the sort of person the Regimental Master Cook is," he said. " Well, the newsvendor spoke to him."

" He didn't ! " I said.

" He did," said Ernest. " It was like this. The recruits on arrival were served out with a blanket and a small basin for their food. The newsvendor

HELPER AT CANTEEN. "A toothbrush? Certainly. Would you like it hard or soft?"

JOCK. "Bless you, Ma'am, I'm not going to use it. It's only for kit inspection."

came along with his, and saw the Master Cook standing in the middle of the yard.

" ' Hi, guv'nor,' he called out cheerily, ' what do I do with these 'ere ?' "

" The Master Cook ran a sort of machine-gun eye over him. Then very solemnly he called up a Tommy standing near.

" With a jerk of the head towards the newsvendor, who at length was beginning to grasp that he must have done something unusual, the Master Cook said :

" ' Tell him who I am.'

" ' The Master Cook.'

" ' *Now tell him what he is !*' "

Ernest paused for so long that my younger sister said, " Well ?"

" That's all," said Ernest.

" Aren't you going to finish it ?" she said.

But I thought Ernest was wise. Expurgated editions are always unsatisfactory.

FAIR STRANGER. "Please would you mind telling me why you wear that piece of black stuff on your back?"

ROYAL WELSH FUSILIER (*confidentially*). "Well, strictly *entre nous*, it's because we've done something naughty."

NURSE. "Can anyone here play the bagpipes?"

PIPER MACTAVISH. "Here ye are, Miss—I'm yer man."

NURSE. "Oh, thank you. Would you mind blowing up this air-cushion?"

THE IRREPRESSIBLES

NURSE (*of private hospital*). "A message has just come in to ask if the hospital will make a little less noise, as the lady next door has a touch of headache."

(*January 19, 1916*)

ASIATIC SOCIETY

MABEL (*after Sunday tea, on departure of officers quartered in the neighbourhood*). "I'm glad Captain Devereux didn't come, as I'm not looking my oldest to-day."

LITTLE GIRL. "Mummy, what do you think Santa Claus will bring me this Christmas?"

MOTHER (*anxious to economise*). "Oh, perhaps he won't come this year. He may be away at the War, and then what will you do."

LITTLE GIRL. "I expect they'll put a woman on instead."

Night Operations

"STORM or no storm," said Charles, "as a medical man I can't stick this fug any longer."

He disappeared behind the heavy anti-Zepp curtains and opened the window. A piercing draught caught the back of Bill's neck and he sat up.

"Look here," he said crossly, "this is no night for a poor Special to go out in. Can't I send a medical certificate instead?"

"You cannot," replied Charles. "I will not be a party to such evasions."

"It's pouring with rain and blowing a gale. No Zepp ever hatched would come over to-night."

"That's not the point, Bill." Kit unexpectedly opened one eye. "How are Charles and I to sleep soundly in our warm beds unless we know you're outside, guarding us?"

"That's right," growled Bill. "Rub it in. Your turn to-morrow, anyway."

The other two sang the praises of bed in fervent antistrophe till at last Bill rose with a groan and assumed his overcoat, badge and truncheon. He stopped at the door.

"Charles," said he, "if after this night's work I die of bronchial catarrh, unzepp'd, unhonoured and unsung——"

Domestic Economy

"I say, you know, those pears oughtn't to be wasted—we ought to make jam of them."
"Very well, dear."

"Yessir. It's bin a day's job, wot with bringin' the ladder two mile each way—that's five shillun—and then there's frippence insurance money."

"What the dooce is all this?"
"It's all right, dear. They're some of the groceries I had to buy before they would let me have the sugar for the jam."

"You won't mind having a scrappy dinner to-night, will you, dear? Cook is using all the kitchen things for the jam."

"Gracious Heavens! Is the house on fire?"
"Oh, no, dear, it's only the jam boiling."

"Wouldn't it be splendid if we could think of some more ways in which we could econo— What did you say, dear?"
"Only 'Jam'!"

(November 29, 1916)

"What arrangements have you made in case Zeppelins come?"
"If any bombs are dropped on the 'uts, Sir, the camp will be roused by three blasts on a whistle."

ORDERLY OFFICER. "What are your orders?"
SENTRY. "To walk abaht in a soldierly manner and to pay contributions to all officers—accordin' to rank."

LADY. "We always keep the hose ready, in case of a Zeppelin raid."
VISITOR. "But surely, my dear, it would never reach them at the height they fly?"

" Good night, dear old thing," interposed Charles sweetly. " Run away and play, there's a good child ; Uncle's tired."

He disappeared to bed.

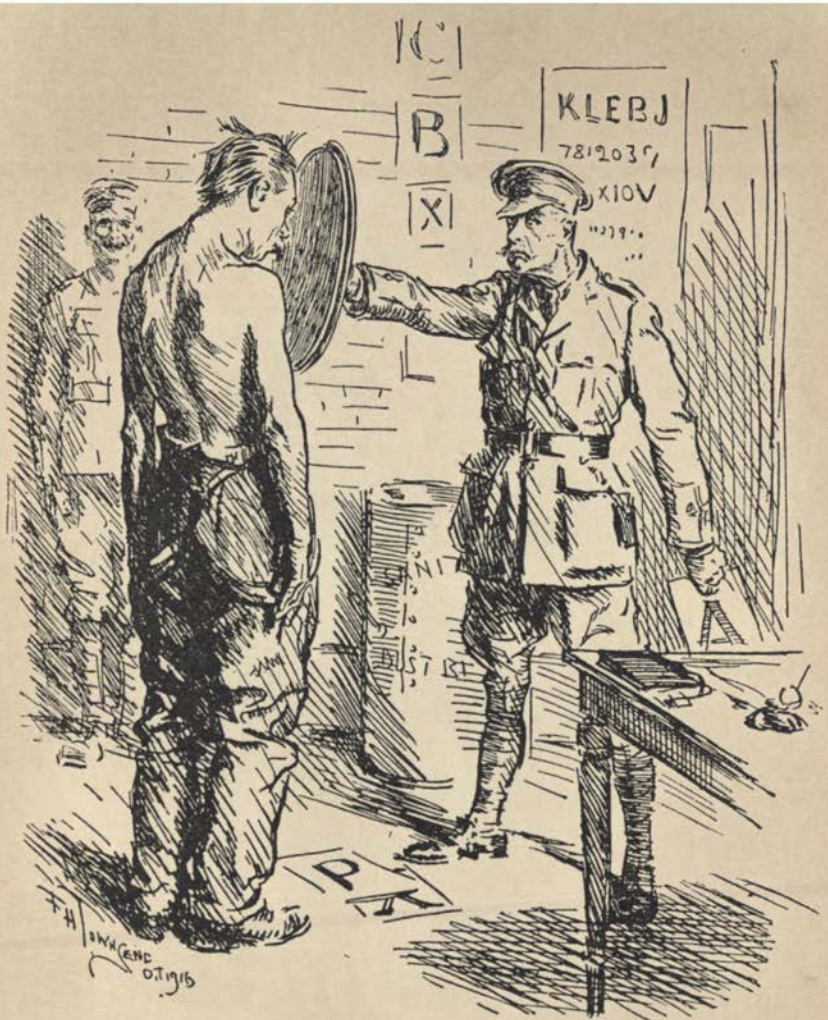
An hour later he was awakened by a tremendous knocking at the front door. Resolutely turning on to his other side, he tried to ignore it, but the fusillade continued and swelled. Only when it appeared likely to do permanent and irreparable damage to the building did he rush out on to the landing. There he met Kit, half awake, with his eyelids tightly gummed together.

" That ass Bill," he said peevishly. " Forgotten his latchkey most likely. Serve him right if we left him there ! "

" My good man, one must sleep."

Charles ran downstairs, opened the door and indignantly confronted the glistening figure on the steps.

" It is my duty to warn you, Sir," said William's voice in an official but triumphant tone, " that one of your downstairs windows has been left open. Most dangerous. Also," he added quickly, " that I am authorised to use my truncheon in self-defence, and that anything you say may be used as evidence against you."



A Bold Bid for Exemption

EXASPERATED MEDICAL OFFICER (*picking up lid of sanitary dustbin—to compulsory recruit*). "Can you see *that?*"

COMPULSORY RECRUIT. "Yes."

OFFICER. "What is it?"

RECRUIT. "Two bob or 'alf-a-crown."

THE SPIRIT OF HIS ANCESTORS

VISITOR. "It's a terrible war, this, young man—a terrible war."
MIKE. " 'Tis that, Sor—a tirrible warr. But 'tis better than *no* warr at all."

NEIGHBOUR. "And how does your son like his training?"
PROUD MOTHER OF RECRUIT. "Oh—he's very happy. But he says they do take him very long walks."

A Wrong 'Un

I FIND myself in the market-place of ——, Saturday night, on a journalistic mission to see if the working classes are spending extravagantly. A stout lady says to a cheesemonger, "It's no good asking me tenpence-'apenny, me lad. I can get it better and stronger for tenpence."

"I'll eat all the tenpenny cheese you can bring 'ere, Mother."

"Cut me 'arf-a-pound at tenpence and 'old your noise."

The cheesemonger holds his noise and cuts the half-pound. Not much proof of extravagance here. However, I see a cheap-jack get up on a chair. He is flanked by rolls of linoleum. Perhaps the people's money is being wasted on household furnishing. The cheap-jack looks up through a roll of linoleum at the sky. "Orl right, ladies," he calls. "Safe from the Zeps 'ere. Look at my anti-aircraft-gun. Now rally round the ole flag, all you 'oo're on munitions or over military age. I don't lower myself by selling my lino to anyone 'oo's got to be conscripted."

The above squad, containing an ex-contortionist, has just received the following instruction:—"At the command 'Backward bend', place the hands on the hips and bend back as far as possible."

TOMMY (*home on leave*). "Come on, Miss, hurry up with the lift! I've only got five days." (*March 22, 1916*)

" He's right," confides a lady, who is embracing a large haddock, to me. " I've four at the Front meself."

I am not quite sure that he is right. From the quality of the linoleum I think it ought to be confined to conscript homes.

" Before I starts selling," says the cheap-jack, " I'll give you a free tip 'oo's goin' to win the War. It's the British Army, because they're stickers. They'll last as long as my lino."

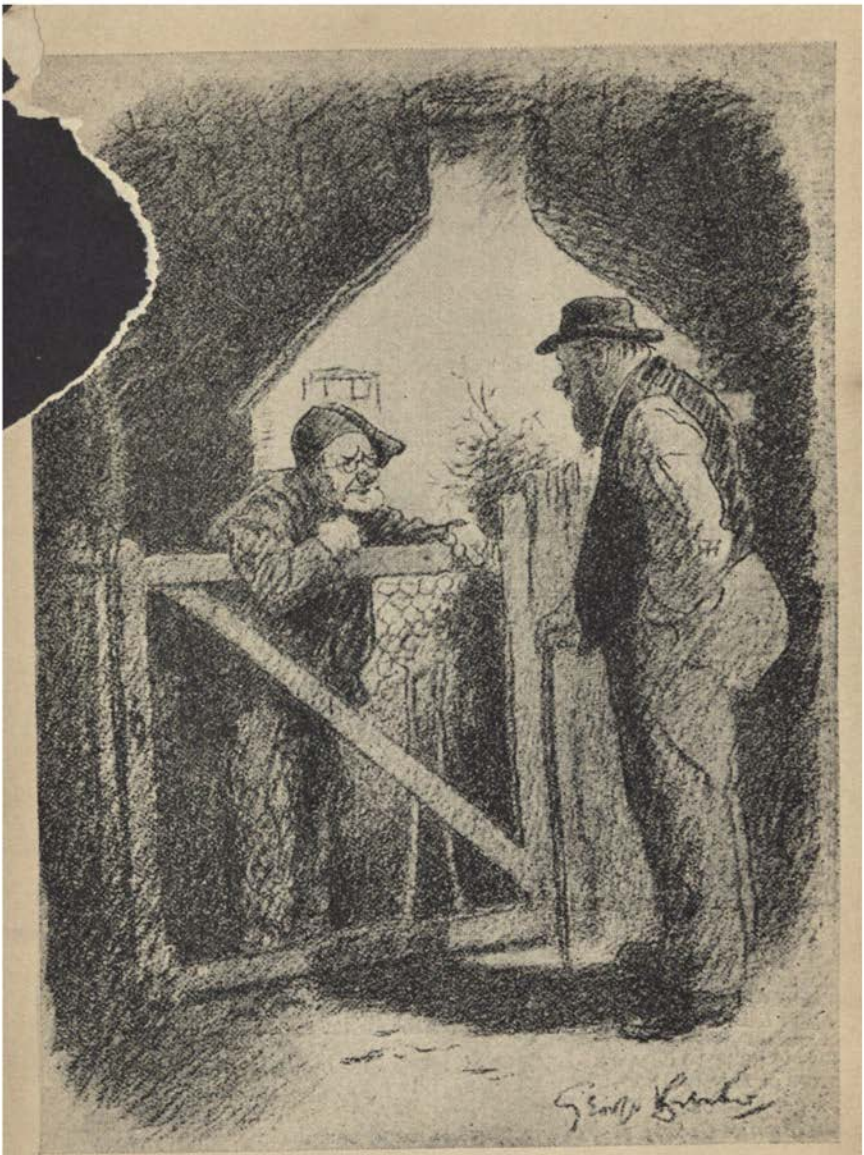
The crowd murmurs approval. I can't help hoping that the Army will last just a trifle longer than the linoleum.

" Now 'ere," holding up a roll of which pink peonies seem to form the pattern, " 'oo'll brighten up the dear old kitch for Pa when 'e comes 'ome from munitions ? "

A lady announces that she is disposed to spend ninepence in this estimable work. A rash rival mounts to one-and-three, and the roll is thrust into her arms.

" You see, friends, I can sell cheap because I pinch all my stuff. That's 'ow I do it at the price."

This sally is received with much joy, especially by a genial policeman in the background.



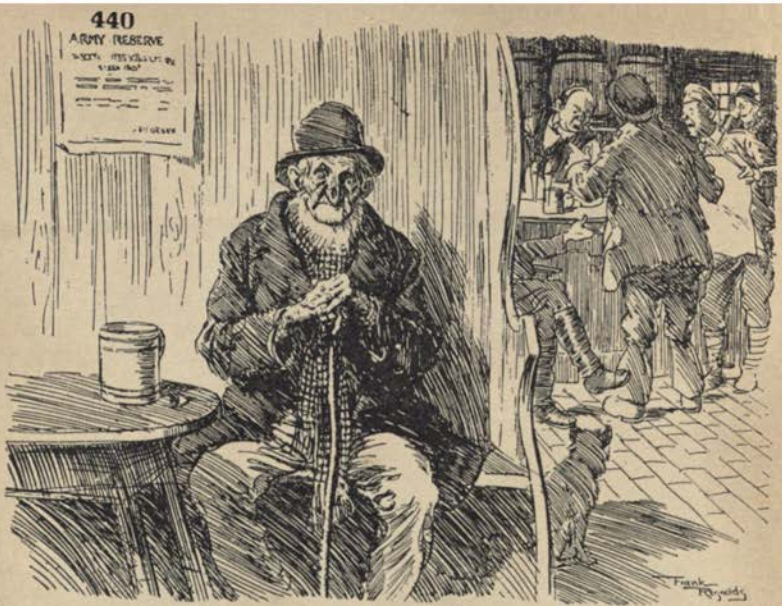
JOHN. "Wot be doin', Jarge? Countin' the stars?"
JARGE (*a henpecked veteran*). "No, John. I was in 'opes of seeing some of they thur Zepplines this evening. They du take one's mind off'n things."

CONDUCTRESS (*to passenger earnestly studying ration-book*). "Are you the gentleman with the two insides?"

V.A.D. WARDMAID, M.A. (*to kitchen-maid*). "I'm really a University lecturer; but at a time like this we are *all* human beings." (*February 16, 1916*)

"D' ye think the fighting 'll be over this year, Mrs. Brackett?"

"Well, I do, an' I don't, as the sayin' is. My ole Bill's a glutton when 'e starts, an' 'e 'll take some stoppin' now 'e 's got the law on 'is side for onst."



VILLAGE MISANTHROPE (*much bored with discussion at the bar*). "Lordy! 'Tis always zum vulishness. First 'tis all football, and now this yere war be all the go!" (*November 1, 1916*)

" Now 'oo 'll bid for this fine roll—all of ten yards. Cover the 'ouse cheap. Make the 'ome 'appy."

" 'Arf a dollar," says a muzzy gentleman amiably.

The roll is knocked down to him before his mouth has properly closed. He produces the money, shoulders the roll, turns round to say, " Good night, all," and the roll, sweeping round as he turns, works devastation among hats. Mine, of course, has gone. I trace his progress by expostulations. Finally there is a scrimmage in the distance. I gather that the muzzy gentleman has added a policeman's helmet to his collection.

" This is the chance of a lifetime," says the cheap-jack, fixing me with his eye. " Ten yards of best painted lino guaranteed to last for ever. 'Oo says two bob ? "

Someone does ; two-and-three follows. The auctioneer's eye bores into me like a gimlet. I lower my eyes so that I shall not be hypnotised into buying.

" Two-and-nine, gent in front," says the auctioneer, pointing to me.

" I say," I protest, " I didn't——"

" It's yours, Sir, all right," says the auctioneer. " I brought my 'ammer

Warfare at the Barber's

"What do you think of the paper this morning, Sir?"

"Quite time we had compulsion, eh?"

"No good shutting our eyes to facts."

"What we want is more energy."

"Of course mistakes will happen"—

"And it's no good pouring cold water on enthusiasm."

"I 'm hoping for that 'Forward Push' in the Spring."

"Well, it will be a great relief when it's all over."

(*Jan. 19, 1916*)

Costumes for Zepps

The Obvious.

The Casual.

The Reckless.

The Cautious.

The Abandoned.

The Composite.

The Flustered. ....

The Graeco-Roman.

The Absent-minded.

(*Oct. 11, 1916*)

EXPECTING LITTLE, CONTENT WITH LESS

SERGEANT (*who has discovered a celebrity in his squad*). "Now then, me lad, understand this. It don't matter 'ow big a nib you was before you joined. That don't impress us in the Army—see?"

RECRUIT. "Quite. It didn't impress them in the Volunteers."

down jus' as you winked. The lady bid three bob jus' after it'd fallen. But I'm not the man to sell my honour for thrippence."

What am I to do with the hideous roll? I have a great idea.

"Here," I say, "put it up for auction for the Red Cross."

"Right-O. Now 'oo'll bid a bob for this for the wounded soldiers? You, Ma, an' you'll give it back to be sold again. Good ole Ma!"

The roll is sold a dozen times in five minutes. Finally a very worn old lady buys it.

"That'll do. No, Mother, you don't give it back. You've got a sick 'usband and a wounded son. You deserves the bargain of the century. Thirteen bob, friends all. Wot's it to be spent in?"

There is a general murmur of "Fags."

"'Ere," whispers the cheap-jack to me, "you take it, Mister."

"No, you buy the cigarettes," I said.

"You'd best, Mister," he whispered. "You see that sale's done in my crowd's brass a bit an' I shall be short to-morrer. I've a awful thirst of a Sunday. It'd be six to four on me blueing it in."

I have entitled my tale "A Wrong 'Un," and he certainly did do me out of two-and-nine. But the next time I tell it I think I shall call it "A Right 'Un."

OLD DAME. "You've had two penn'orth of sweets, my little man, but you've only given me a penny."
THE LITTLE MAN. "Yes, but farver says one penny's got to do the work of two in war-time."

SCOTLAND FOR EVER!

IMPRESSIONABLE GROCER. "Believe, me, Miss, in wartime a grocer needs a 'eart as cold as an 'Indenburg."

OPTIMIST. "We're giving the Germans beans."
PESSIMIST. "Now isn't that exactly like this Government? They'll be giving them bacon next."

LITTLE OLD LADY. "Do you know, when I write to my sister in America now, or she writes to me, our letters are opened by the censor? Doesn't it seem unnecessary? Just fancy—two old ladies!"

(*August 16, 1916*)

Mules

I NEVER would 'ave done it if I'd known what it would be.
I thought it meant promotion an' some extra pay for me ;
I thought I'd miss a drill or two with packs an' trenchin' tools,
So I said I'd 'andled 'orses—an' they set me 'andlin' mules.

Now 'orses they are 'orses, but a mule 'e is a mule
(Bit o' devil, bit o' monkey, bit o' bloomin' boundin' fool !)
Oh, I'm usin' all the adjectives I didn't learn at school
On the prancin', glancin', rag-time dancin' Army Transport mule.

If I'd been Father Noah when the cargo walked aboard,
I'd 'ave let the bears an' tigers in, an' never spoke a word ;
But I'd 'ave shoved a placard out to say the 'ouse was full,
An' shut the Ark up suddent when I saw the Army mule.

They buck you off when ridden, they squish your leg when led ;
They're mostly sittin' on their tail or standin' on their 'ead ;
They reach their yellow grinders out an' gently chew your ear,
An' their necks is indiarubber for attackin' in the rear.

They're as mincin' when they're 'appy as a ladies' ridin'-school,
But when the fancy takes 'em they're like nothin' but a mule—
With the off wheels in the gutter an' the near wheels in the air,
An' a leg across the traces, an' the driver Lord knows where.

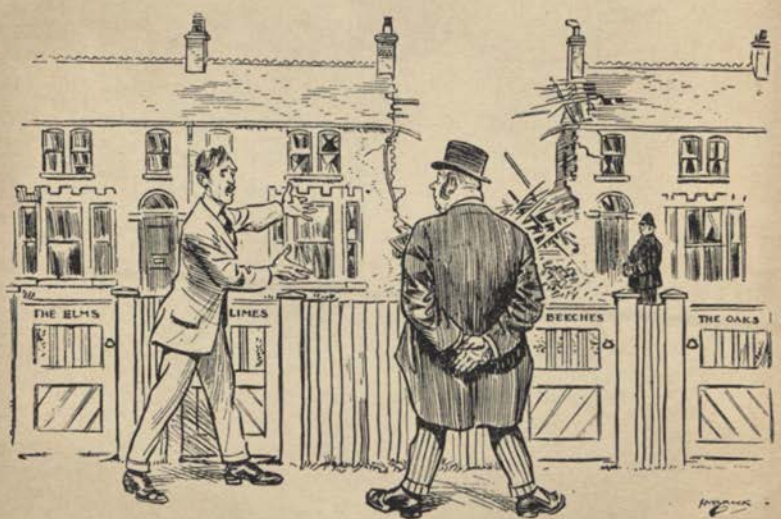
They're 'orrid in the stable, they're worse upon the road ;
They'll bolt with any rider, they'll jib with any load ;
But soon we're bound beyond the seas, an' when we cross the foam
I don't care where we go to if we leave the mules at 'ome.

For 'orses they are 'orses, but a mule 'e is a mule
(Bit o' devil, bit o' monkey, bit o' bloomin' boundin' fool !)
Oh, I'm usin' all the adjectives I never learnt at school
On the rampin', rawboned, cast-steel-jawboned Army Transport mule.

KINDLY OLD GENTLEMAN (*distributing cigarettes to soldiers returning home on leave*). "And where's your home, my man?"
SCOTSMAN. "I come fra Paisley—but I canna help that." (*May 31, 1916*)

THE JUDGE. "Three years."

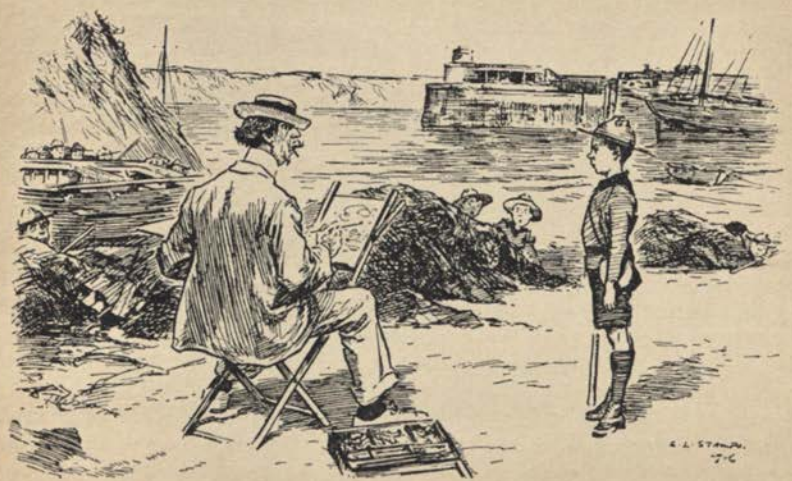
OPTIMISTIC PRISONER. "Couldn't you make it 'three years or the duration of the War,' me lud?" (*June 7, 1916*)



HOUSEHOLDER. "But, hang it all, I can't see why that bomb next door should make you want to *raise* my rent!"

LANDLORD. "Don't you perceive, my dear Sir, that your house is now semi-detached?" (*February 9, 1916*)

OFFICER. "How is it that you have so many young fellows working for you?"
FARMER. "Well, ye see, there's such a run on the old 'uns that we can't get 'em."



BOY SCOUT. "Sketching the harbour's not allowed."
ARTIST. "Confound you! My name's Cadmium Brown, and——"
BOY SCOUT. "Carry on, then. We've got orders to treat you as harmless."
(*November 8, 1916*)

FIRST LADY. "That's one of them Australian soldiers."
SECOND LADY. "How do you know?"
FIRST LADY. "Why, can't you see the kangaroo feathers in his hat?"
(February 2, 1916)

The Zeppelin-Proof Landlady

I CHOSE my present abode simply and solely because my landlady is a comfortable person to have in the house when, as she herself phrases it, " the Zepps is about."

In the world of " Apartments " by some curious law of equilibrium the higher one ascends financially and socially the lower one descends physically, till the bed-rock of the drawing-room floor is reached ; and the lower one descends financially and socially, the higher one ascends physically, till one's head almost touches the roof and the stars are one's close companions. My lot was with the stars.

" A good target for Zeppelins," I remarked when my landlady showed me the room. This was more by way of conversation than anything else.

She stiffened slightly, as people stiffen when the names of people they do not like are mentioned.

" We don't take no notice of no Zeppelins in this 'ouse," she said.

She was a big buxom woman of the type usually described as " motherly."

Her bald statement in its Spartan simplicity, its calm ignoring of all the malefic powers of darkness, filled me with silent admiration, and a great peace stole over me in her ample presence.

" The last time the Zepps was 'ere," she continued, " Maudie—that's my youngest—came 'ome from her work with her fyce as white as a bit of pyper. ' Mother,' she says to me, ' they say the Zepps is coming to-night.'

" ' Well, child,' says I to her, ' if they is, they is, and there's an end of it. It's no use myking a song or looking white about it. That don't do nobody no good.'

" But, if you'll believe me, that child could not rest. She kept going to the winder every 'arf-hour. Before she went to bed she had one more look, and just when her 'and was on the blind there came a crash. Lor ! you'd think twenty ton of coal had been dropped just outside the winder.

" ' 'Ark, mother ! ' she says, ' 'ark, 'ark ! Do you 'ear ? '

" ' If you don't stop that 'arking,' I says, ' you'll give us all the creeps, and your pore father in bed this hour and more trying to get a bit of sleep.'

" The words was 'ardly out of my mouth when there was another big bang, you'd think the whole street was bust up, and the sky as red as a bit of

MISTRESS. "Isn't it dreadful, Jane, about these Zeppelins? It wouldn't be so wicked if they only destroyed munition works."

JANE. "Yes, Mum. But they 'adn't ought to do that neither. They knows puffickly well as we wants all the ammunitions as we can get."

(March 1, 1916)

A Way they Have in the Transport

SERGEANT (*breathlessly*). "Are the mules hurt?"

(*December 13, 1916*)

beetroot. Between you and me "—and she lowered her voice as if ashamed of this confession of weakness—" I don't mind seeing 'em again, but I never want to 'ear 'em no more.

" The lydy who 'ad this very room we are standing in now (she's in a nursing-home now, pore thing !) came running down the stairs in her night-gown, with her 'air down. ' Oh, Mrs. Bloggs,' says she all trembling, ' the Zepps is come ! Whatever shall we do ? '

" ' I'm afraid we can't do nothink, Miss,' I says to her, ' but stay where we are and see what will 'appen.'

" And nothink did 'appen. As I says to my 'usband, ' you tyke no notice of the Zepps and the Zepps will tyke no notice of you.'

" Yes, that will be ten-and-sixpence, baths and light extra, and one week's notice when you leave."

But I don't intend to leave—not till the War is over.

EX-POLICEMAN (*recognising a peace-time acquaintance*). "Lumme! It 's *you*, is it? Still sneakin' abaht, are yer? I recollect warnin' you some time back abaht loiterin' in the Fulham Road!"

"Kamerad! Kamerad! Mercy. Ve vos Pomeranians."

"Pomeranians, are you? Well, you 're bloomin' lucky to drop into *my* 'ands. I 'm a dawg-fancier." (*November 22, 1916*)

Home-made Munitions

OFFICER (*with the M.E.F.*). "Now then, my lad, if you catch hold of his head he can't kick you." PRIVATE. "No, Sir. And if I catches 'old of the beggar's tail 'e bloomin' well can't bite me."

PEPPERY SENIOR (*through din of Bosches' "morning hate"*). "Late for breakfast again." VERY JUNIOR OFFICER (*apologetically*). "Sorry, Sir. Didn't hear the gong."

(*April 26, 1916*)

C.O. (*to sentry*). "Do you know the Defence Scheme for this sector of the line, my man?" TOMMY. "Yes, Sir."
C.O. "Well, what is it, then?" TOMMY. "To stay 'ere an' fight like 'ell."

T. B. D.

OFFICER'S STEWARD. "Will you take your bath, Sir, before or after haction?"

SUBALTERN. "Well, what do you want?" TOMMY (*formerly a cobbler*). "The Cap'n's 'orse wants soleing and 'eeling, Sir."

A chance specimen of the rare "Camberwell Beauty" butterfly arouses the collector's passion in Private Bloggson, late assistant entomologist at a famous University Museum.

Ubique

WHO, when reveillé's hateful blare
Unknits my "ravelled sleeve of care,"
Growls at me like a wounded bear ?
The Sergeant !

And when at "Full knees bend" I strain,
And "Upward stretch," who mocks my pain
And makes me do the thing again ?
The Sergeant !

Who bays behind my shrinking shanks
And bellows at me from the flanks
When I am talking in the ranks ?
The Sergeant !

Who as I flog my lonely beat
Beseeches me to "lift those feet"
And calls me names I can't repeat ?
The Sergeant !

Who sees that all my buttons shine,
That I preserve a rigid spine
And go to bed at half-past nine ?
The Sergeant !

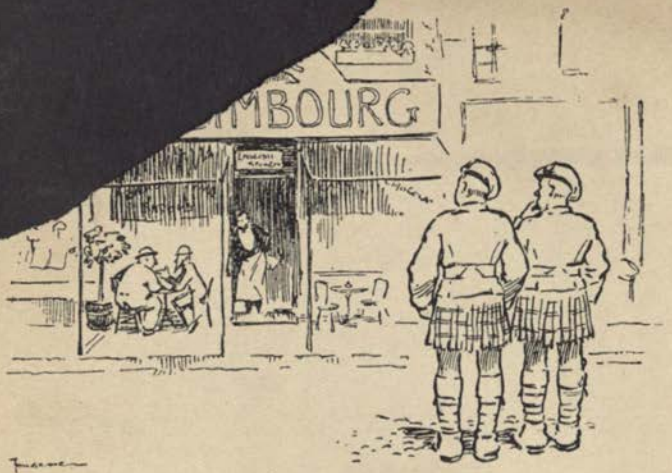
Who watches while I clean the swill,
Parades me when I need a pill
And takes my name for extra drill ?
The Sergeant !

And when the pearly gates I spy
And try to pass the sentry by,
Who'll shout, "Quick march ! Lef' ri', lef' ri'" ?
The Sergeant !

(*September 6, 1916*)

FIRST TOMMY (*to pal*). "There you are, Bill, always the little gentleman. I wonder 'oo 'ad the sauce to capture 'im."

THE ESCORT (*jubilantly*). "Cheer-o, mate! Wot's the nearest way to Saint 'Elena? B'lieve I've copped old Bill 'isself this time!"



"We'll no gang in there, Jock."
"For why, Donal'?"
"Man, it's got an awfu' Gerrman-like name, yon."

PUBLIC SCHOOL MAN. "Great Scott, Reggie! How on earth did you get
b?"
ND DITTO (*kitchen fatigue*). "Oh, influence, dear boy—influence."

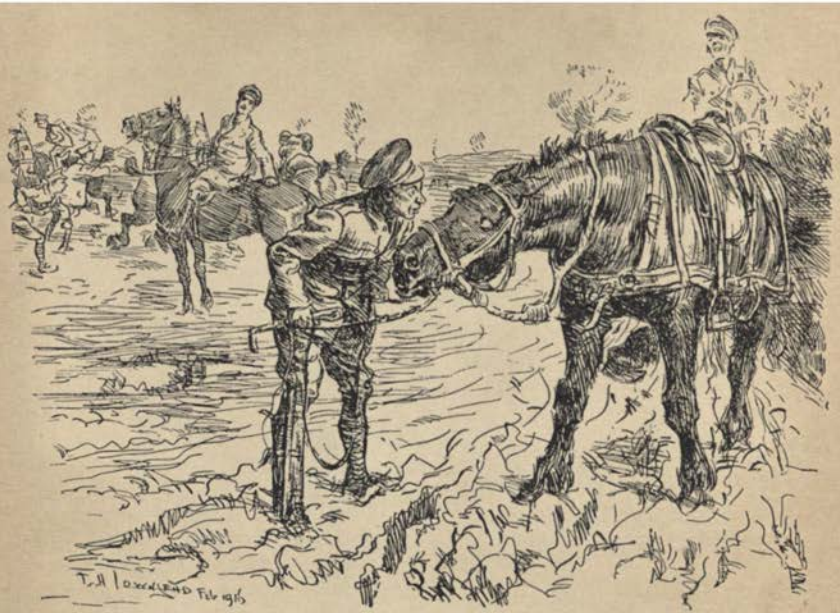
PHILOSOPHER (*in comparative safety at bottom of dugout, and taking no c of those who are more exposed*). "What I sez is that this 'ere reckless ex of ammunition is what's goin' to finish the 'Un."

WOUNDED SOLDIER. "*All* the 'Uns ain't cowards, Miss. Why, six on 'em came for old Mac here, and it was a long time afore they give in."

(Scene: Mesopotamia, 120° in the shade).

THE SERGEANT. " 'Ere, none o' that. Ye can't go knockin' people abaht that way!"

THE ASSAILANT. "Well, 'e ast me 'ow I 'd like a stone ginger wiv a tuppeny ice in it."



OFFICER (*to Tommy, who has been using the whip freely*). "Don't beat him; talk to him, man—talk to him!"

TOMMY (*to horse, by way of opening the conversation*). "I coom from Manchester."

The Amused and the Amusers

ALL the windows of the V.A.D. hospital were brilliantly lighted up, and through them floated the strains of a piano and occasional bursts of laughter. Number One Ward, however, was quite empty except for my friend, Private McPhee, stalking majestically up and down as if on sentry-go, wearing a " fit of the blues " several sizes too large for him and an expression which would, I believe, be described by kailyard novelists as " dour."

" Bong jaw, Mademawselle," he exclaimed, bringing his stick smartly to the salute, " or rather bong saw, tae be correct."

McPhee has affected the Gallic tongue since his sojourn in France.

" Why, what are you doing all by yourself, McPhee ? " I asked. " Are you on duty ? "

" Na, na," he said, " ah'm pleasin' masel just."

He paused and emitted a fierce chuckle.

" Ah'm gettin' even," he announced ; " they wantit me to gang oot wi' a wumman."

TOMMY. "Now then, hands up, or you're a dead man."

TOMMY (*ready to go "over the top"*). "I suppose we shall be making history in a few minutes, Sergeant?"

SERGEANT. "History be blowed! What you've got to make is geography."

(*November 29, 1916*)

"Con-found you! You did gimme a jump!"

OVERWORKED AND EXASPERATED COLONEL (*who has told Adjutant to answer the telephone*). "Well, what the blazes do they want?"

ADJUTANT. "It's the C.O. of the Blankshires, Sir; wants you to repeat the funny story you told him last night at mess."

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT

1855. *Staff Officer writes.* "The General turned up last night unexpectedly. Fortunately I heard of a transport horse having died, so we managed to produce an excellent repast for him."

1916. *Staff Officer writes.* "Had to entertain the General last night, so your last tuck-box came in very useful. By the way, could you send me some of that pâté de foie gras again? I'm a bit tired of the chicken in aspic." (*November 8, 1916*)

" But whatever made them want you to do that, McPhee ? "

" One o' thae nurses," continued the patient smoulderingly. " Ah fought at Mons, an' Ah fought at New Chapelle, an' Ah fought at Wipers, that's what ignorant pairsons ca' Eepers ; and they wantit me to gang oot wi' a wumman. Why for did they no send me oot to fight the Jairmans in a peer-ambulator ? "

" Oh," I said, at last enlightened. " But surely, McPhee, the nurses are very nice. And think how hurt they will be if you won't go out with them."

" Ah'm no denyin' some o' them are a' recht," said McPhee grudgingly, " but it's a maitter o' preenciple. An' I'm gettin' even wi' them the noo ! "

He chuckled again.

" But how are you getting even ? "

" Ah'm no dressin' up for them," said the vengeful one ; " ye ken thae nurses are havin' a kin' of a bairthday pairty or the like, an' a' the men's

"Excuse me; what are those stripes on your arm for?"
"One for each time I was wounded, Mum."
"Dear me! How extraordinary that you should be wounded three times in the same place."

HUSBAND (*on leave*). "Oh, by the way, did you get those rubber shares I asked you to?"

WIFE. "No, dear. The broker wanted more for them than when they were new, so of course I refused to have them."

EX-GARDENER (*concluding letter to his late employer*). "Well, madam, I don't think I have much more to tell you, except that there's good soil out here for roses—just the thing for them. I said as soon as I saw it, 'that's the soil for roses.'"

TRENCH PHILOSOPHY

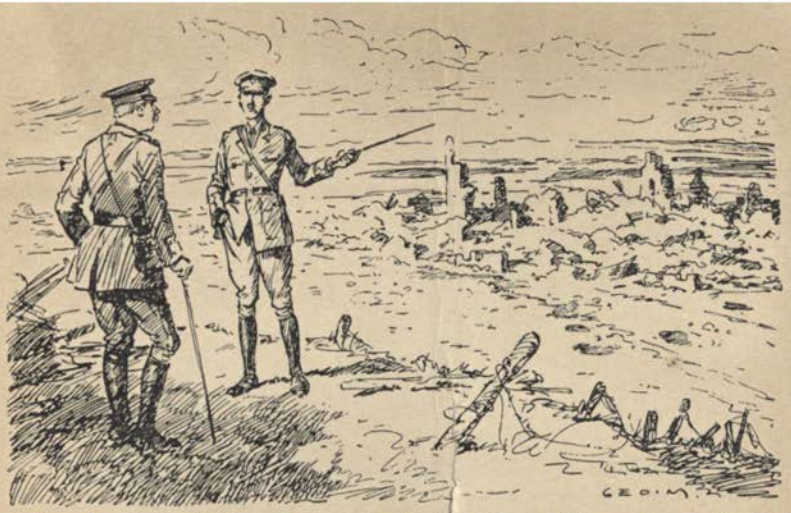
"Bill, what's the difference between a optimist and a pessimist?"

"Well, it's this way, 'Arry. When the Bosches are strafing, a hopitimist 'e thinks the shells are just being fired indiscriminate-like at no one in partic'lar, while a pessimist 'e thinks every shell is meant for 'imself."

CORPORAL. "You needn't say a fond good-bye to that 'orse. You ain't seen the last of 'im by no means."

SURVIVOR FROM U-BOAT. "Kamerad! Kamerad! If I vos on land I vos hold up mein hands!"

ORDINARY SEAMAN. "Well, your feet 'll do instead."



"Spent a fortnight there in 1913. Jolly place it was. They palmed off a bad five-franc piece on me at the hotel—and yet I feel kind o' sorry for the place."
(*September 27, 1916*)

PAT (*one of a raiding party returning under heavy fire*). "Come on, Tim. Phwat for are ye shtandin' there?"

TIM. "I'm just waitin' till the little shtorm is over. If yez shtand still ye'll only git what's fallin' in the wan place; but if ye'll be runnin' about the divil knows pwhat ye might meet in with!"

OLD HAND (*supplying desired information to new arrival*). "Those things up there? Oh, they're canteens for the R.F.C."

(*December 5, 1917*)

dressed up to please them. An' if Ah canna gang oot to please masel, Ah canna dress oop like a monkeyback to please them.

" They wantit me to dress up for Chairlie Chaplin. Man, the nurse was argle-barglin' a clock hour tryin' to persuade me to put thae claes on. ' Oh, do ' (he squeaked), ' to please me, McPhee.' . . . But Ah wouldna. Ah turnit ma face to the wa' an' wouldna speak a wurrd.

" Ye ken, the ward that gets the maist votes gets a prize, an' thae nurses is awfu' set on their ward winnin' it. Ah could ha' won it for Number One. Fine cud I. Ah can turn masel oot so's my ain brither couldna tell me from Harry Lauder. But Ah wouldna. If I canna gang oot——"

At this point the door opened and a dejected apparition in a ruff and petticoats, like a rumpled remnant of a pre-war pageant, drifted in and sat down on a bed.

" Ah weel, Queen Elizabeth, hae they dune wi' ye yet " ? inquired McPhee sardonically.

Gloriana shook his head. " They're playin' musical chairs," he said gloomily, " so I thought as I wouldn't be missed for a bit. This thing round my neck does tickle, but my nurse 'd be awful 'urt if I took it off."

McPhee emitted an ejaculation—Gaelic, I believe—usually expressed in writing " Mphm."

" Sma' things," he said, " please sma' minds. . . . Wha won the prize ? "

" Number Two Ward," said Queen Elizabeth indifferently, " sweets. They're eatin' 'em. They'll have stummick-aches to-morrer. . . . But there —it's the least as we can do to let the nurses 'ave their bit o' fun."

* * * * * * *

Nurse Robinson hurried up to me on my way out. I thought her looking a trifle anxious.

"I'm feeling rather worried about one of my men," she began, "Private McPhee. I wonder if you saw him just now?"

"Oh yes," I said, "we had quite a long chat."

"Oh, I'm so glad," she exclaimed; "I was really quite afraid he was wrong in his head. Do you know, he simply refused to dress up for the party . . . and you know how they *love* dressing up! Such a good dress, too—Charlie Chaplin. . . . And I couldn't get a word out of him! Wasn't it strange?"

"Very," I said; "convalescents get all kinds of fancies, don't they? And was the party a success?"

"Splendid!" she said, brightening up. "Of course it's meant a lot of work. We've been toiling early and late at the costumes. But I'm sure it's worth it. It does please the poor fellows. Draws them out of themselves, don't you know."

HUMOURS OF A REMOUNT CAMP

STAFF OFFICER. "I rode this horse you sent me on Tuesday and he was all right. But when I rode him on Wednesday he was much too frisky."

REMOUNT OFFICER. "Well, why not ride him only on Tuesdays?"

OUR MIXED ARMY

FIRST RECRUIT. " 'Ere—tell old bald-'ead to bung the salt over."
SECOND RECRUIT. "Er—might I trouble you for the salt, Sir?"

The Pinch of War

I CAME across him on the rim of the bog. He stood before a whitewashed cabin glaring fiercely over the brown world.

A coal-black dudeen hung empty and bottom up from his puckered mouth, a rumpled frieze cap was perilously balanced atop of a fringe of white hair. His full figure, upholstered in a worn velvet waistcoat, was thrust well forward as if daring Fate to hit it another blow.

At the moment he was acting as a scratching-post to a large white billy-goat, which chafed itself luxuriously to and fro against his straddled legs. At the sound of my horse's hoofs he turned his head. At the sight of my uniform his eyes brightened, he withdrew a smutty hand from a corduroy pocket and made a travesty of a salute towards his cap, which almost lost its balance.

" Hey ! Good-day to ye, Captain ! " (I am a second-lieutenant, but in Ireland every lance-corporal has visionary batons on his shoulder-straps.)

I replied suitably, agreed that the weather was fine for the second and trusted, if we were good, we might have an hour of it.

" How is it wid the War this mornin', yer honour ? "

I replied that, as far as I knew, it was still there, had passed a quiet night and was doing nicely, thanks.

" Was you ever at the Front, Captain ?"

I nodded, and at that his eyes gleamed.

" Begob !—then 'tis yerself has the luck. Wait till I tell you a minute. I'm afther wishin' be all the Blessed Saints I was twinty year younger, 'tis meself would be the first afther them German Daygoes—I would so, the dirthy, desthroyin' blagyards ! Tell me now, Captain dear, did you ever kill wan of them at all ?"

He hung on my answer to such an extent that the white billy tore a tatter from his canvas coat and ate it unrebuked.

I wagged my head. " Don't know—couldn't say."

" Och, shure, no ! What would a grand gentleman like yourself be wantin' wid such dirthy work—'tis a common private's job, so it is. But was meself twinty year younger 'twould be a job I would take great delight in the doin' of it. I would take great delight in landin' wan o' them blagyards a puck wid a bay'net that would let the daylight through him. I would have great courage an' delight in a war wid such as they be, that's the blessed truth, the dirthy, desthroyin', murdherin' divils ! Arragh ! I hate them !"

EVIDENCE

OFFICER. "Now, Sergeant-Major, what makes you think this man was drunk?"

SERGEANT-MAJOR. "Sir, on the night of the 25th, when I met the accused, 'e raised 'is 'at, accompanying the motion with the words, 'Good evenin', Blue Beard!' "

ORDERLY OFFICER. "Why don't you challenge me?"
LATEST CALLED-UP RECRUIT. "I didn't know you were coming."
ORDERLY OFFICER. "What did the corporal say when he posted you?"
RECRUIT. "I wouldn't like to repeat it to an officer, Sir."

He shook a grimy fist in the general direction of America, and the billy, undisturbed, reached up and ate another ribbon off his coat.

" Beggin' yer pardon, but will yer honour be goin' back to the War ? "

I said I hoped so some day.

" Listen, then—I'm wishin' ye would kill a German, two Germans, d'ye hear me now ? Two Germans I'm afther wishin' ye."

Again he brandished a trembling fist aloft and again the billy, fearing naught, grazed its way up his back.

" Thanks, very good of you," said I. " I'll remember. Good day."

" Good day it is, an' God save yer honour ! "

Then with an overwhelming burst of generosity he promoted me two ranks at once and wished again.

" Colonel," he said solemnly, though shaking with passion, " I'm afther wishin' ye three—ten—*fifteen* Germans ! "

" Thanks," I said again, and picked up the reins, wondering if tragedy had shadowed the bogside that morning, if some grey-eyed, black-haired boy would come home no more from Flanders to that whitewashed cabin.

UNLUCKY ONE (*after perusing latest list of honours*). "Never have had any luck. Months ago I saved a sergeant chap from a rotten place—carried the fellow all the way back—and told him not to say a word about it!"

FRIEND. "Well, what's wrong? Has he been talking?"

UNLUCKY ONE. "Not a word, curse him!"

As I turned a beshawled girl poked her head round the door lintel and smiled at me.

"Och, faith, don't be noticin' the grand a', yer honour; himself was beyond to the town this mornin', an' they've riz the price o' porther on him wan ha'penny. He do be as mad as the Sivinteen Divils!"

"Lumme! This is a bit of all right, I don't think. Me a-volunteerin' for Infantry, goin' right through me trainin', an' nah they makes a bloomin' Lancer of me!"
(*January 24, 1917*)

JOCK (*in captured trench*). "Coom awa' up here, Donal'; it's drier."
(*April 11, 1917*)

PRISONER (*on his dignity*). "But you vos not know vot I am. I am a Sergeant-Major in der Prussian Guard."

TOMMY. "Well, wot abaht it? I'm a private in the West Kents."

CORPORAL. "Guard. Dis——[Wotcher movin' for? 'Tain't quarter-day."

The Billeting Captain

MY job is to ride on ahead of the regiment, whenever we leave the trenches, and secure accommodation for men and horses in the place allotted to us. For billeting purposes there are four kinds of villages behind our front: the good, the indifferent, the positively bad, and the village of R——. It was to R—— that I was ordered on my first errand of this kind. On the road I met a friend who holds the same post in his regiment as I do in mine. I told him where I was going, and he grinned. "You'll find all the doors locked when you arrive," he said. "The Mayor is away on service and you won't get any help from his wife. She's the most disagreeable woman I ever met, and is known for miles round as a holy terror." When at length I reached my destination I sent the rest of the party in search of barns and stables, proceeding myself towards the village pump, which I had been told was always a good place to work from. But there was little sign of life here. The *place* was deserted, except for one old man who was supporting himself by the pump handle, while with a stick in his other hand he tried to strafe a hen that had inadvertently run between his legs.

"Bon jour, M'sieur," I said by way of a start.

" Cigarette anglaise ! " replied the patriarch.

I offered my case and was presently being entertained with reminiscences of the war of *soixante-dix*. By the time that he had finished his cigarette he had gone further back into history and was vividly describing the retreat from Moscow under the First Napoleon, on which occasion I gathered that he had caught a severe cold. There was evidently little help to be gained here, so leaving my venerable friend amid the Russian snows I went to the nearest house and knocked. Presently a key turned and the door was opened for about three inches by an old woman.

" Bon jour, Madame," I said in my best French ; " I seek a bedroom, if possible one with a bed in it."

She looked me up and down for a moment, then with a " Pas compris " shut and locked the door again.

In the next house they were more obliging. A stout gentleman opened the door and informed me that unfortunately he possessed only one bed, which was shared by himself and his family of six children. But as M'sieu was a member of the entente, and if he could find no other accommodation—— But here I fled. Thus it was from house to house, and when later my N.C.O. reported his arrangements for men and horses satisfactory I had only managed to secure one miserable little room. So desperate had I become by this time

"Hey, Donal'! Here's a wee battleship comin' along."
"Och! A wish it micht be a U-boat."

HOSPITAL WARDMAID (*who has shown the new matron into her room*). "Well, I must say I hope you've come to stay. You'll be the sixth matron I've trained."

OFFICER (*returning to France in heavy sea*). "I—hope—to—heavens—the next—war they have—will—be—in England."

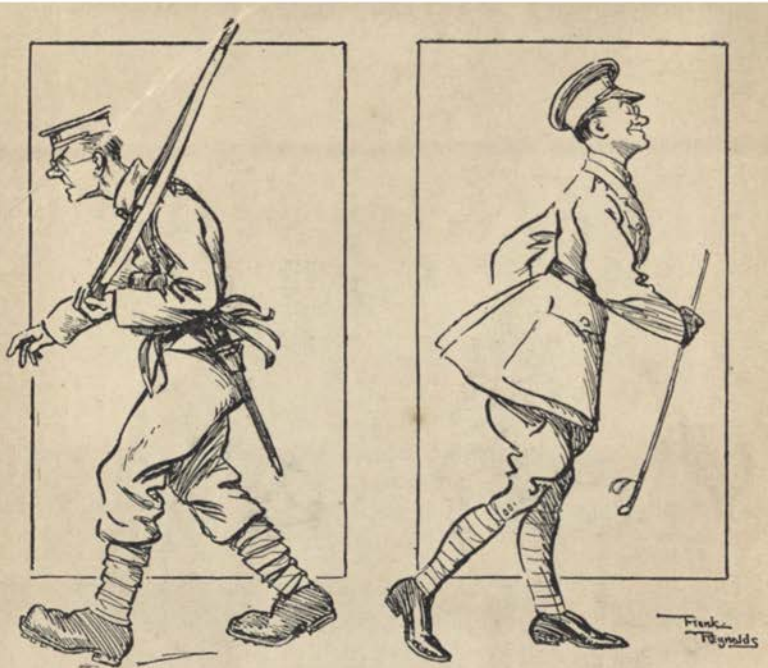
"ANY EXCUSE ——"

Scene: Somewhere in Middlesex. Charge: Overstaying leave.

THE OLD SOLDIER. "It was like this, Sir. I *had* to wait for my train, so I had a cigarette, and took a step backwards to get out of the wind, like — and, swelp me! if I didn't walk straight into the open guard's van of the Scotch Express that was jest leaving the platform."

LANDLORD. "Whatever did you let the fire out for? Why didn't you put some coals on?"

STOKER. "Not likely! I'm on leave, I am."



A Cadet's Day

9 A.M.—Sad Rags. 7 P.M.—Glad Rags.

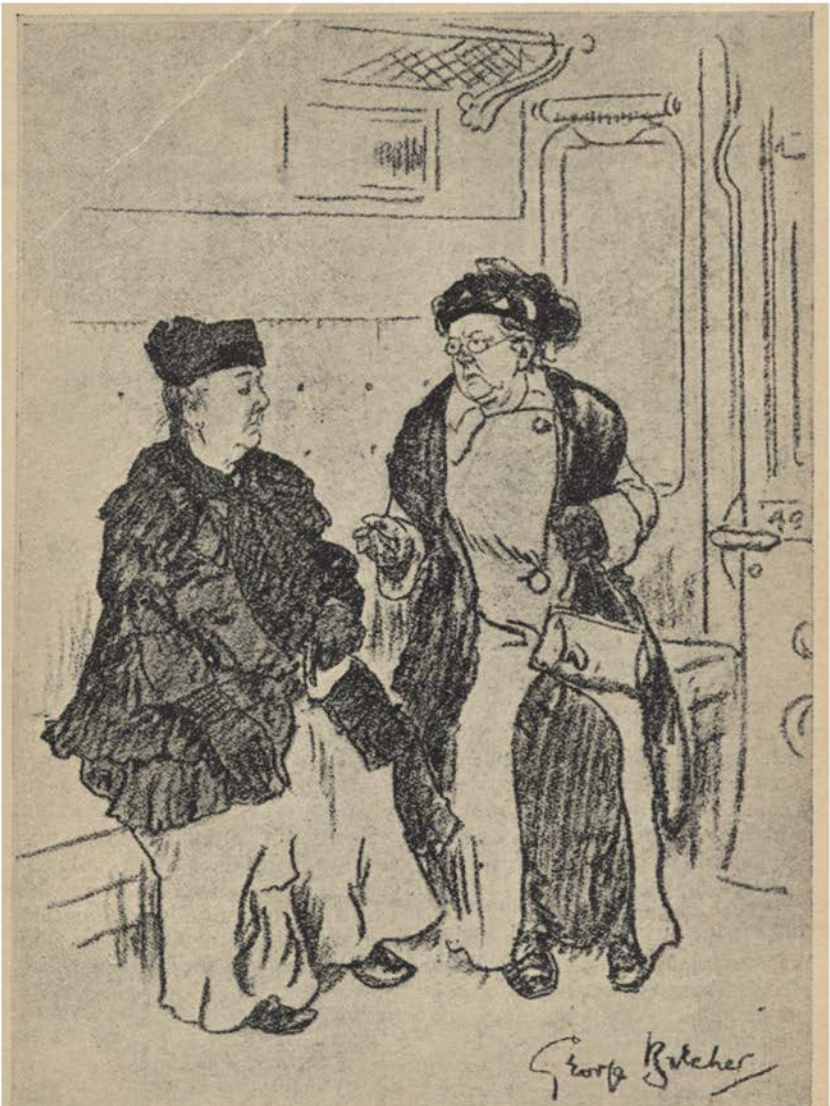
(*May 9, 1917*)

that I determined to face the Mayor's wife, in spite of my friend's advice. Accordingly I turned towards a house labelled *Mairie*, and entered the garden, where a small child was playing. I think without exception he was the ugliest little boy I have ever seen, but I am a father when home on leave, and he smiled at me in such a nice friendly way that I stopped and pecked at his cheek as I passed.

When I looked up I saw a grim face regarding me over a pot of geraniums in the window. "Now for it!" I thought, and was presently face to face with the formidable lady, who asked me in broken English what my business might be. "Madame," I said, "you see a ruined captain before you. I have been sent to this village to find twelve bedrooms for my Colonel and brother-officers. Also a mess-room and an office. In one hour I have secured one room, and even now the regiment is arriving," for as I spoke the O.C. and some of the others came riding up. On seeing me they dismounted

OFFICER (*having pulled up recruit for not saluting*). "Now then, my man, don't they take any notice of officers in your battalion?"

RECRUIT. "Well, Sir, it ain't that exactly; but I've always been one, as you might say, to keep meself *to* meself."



"My poor Reginald is in 'orspital with rheumatics in his legs. The Scotch costume, you know."

VISITOR. "How terrible this War is, Mrs. Wilks!"
MRS. WILKS. "Hush, Miss! My old man won't have it that there is one."

and before Madame could say anything she and I were the centre of a little group of officers.

"Well," said the O.C., "what luck? We're looking forward to real beds again, I can tell you!"

I felt myself growing red. "The men and horses are arranged for, Sir," I stammered, and then suddenly a voice at my side took up the tale: "And if you will come wiz me I shall 'elp ze Captain to show to you ze rooms 'e 'as found." Unable to utter a word, I bowed, and we followed Madame to the first house at which I had earlier tried so unsuccessfully. She knocked at the door like a fury, and no sooner was it opened than she went in without more ado, and we after her. "I have come to show M'sieu the Colonel the room that you have prepared for him," she said in her own language to the old woman, who stood bowing and smiling as hard as she could. Then she opened a door and took us into the nicest room imaginable.

"'Ere I 'ope you will be 'appy, my Colonel," she continued. "Zis is ze best room ze Captain could find for you. Also I 'ope you will find Madame aimable"; and here she looked at the old woman, who started bowing again harder than ever. It was the same at all the other houses. Passing from

PERFECT STRANGER (*to Jones, who has not forgotten Willie's birthday*). "Ain't you ashamed to go batting these days?" (*1917*)

one to another she commandeered room after room, even managing to wrest a bed from the father of six; and I verily believe that the inhabitants would have burned their dwellings to warm us had the little lady ordered it. All the while she maintained the fiction that I had arranged things previously.

"I 'ave just come wiz ze Captain to see everything ees what you call spick," she said on leaving us.

"And a very good business you have made of it," said the O.C. to me approvingly. Still greatly puzzled, I returned to thank my benefactress. After expressing my gratitude I ventured to tell her that she had been much kinder to me than I had been led to expect.

"But 'ave I not see you kees my little son?" she said gravely.

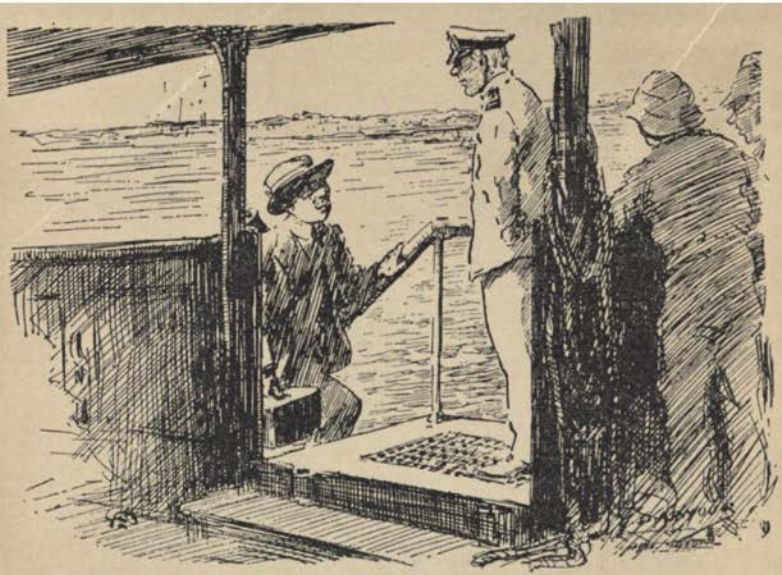
"Ah," I said to myself, "*that*'s it!" and, stooping down to where he was playing, I did it again with added warmth.

War Thrift

I journey by the Streatham tram
My own true love to see;
I used to buy sweet marjoram
For my sweet Marjorie.

But now Bellona rules the scene;
When I go there to tea
I take a dab of margarine
For my dear Marjorie.

TOMMY (*dictating letter to be sent to his wife*). "The nurses here are a very plain lot——" NURSE. "Oh, come! I say! That's not very polite to us."
TOMMY. "Never mind, Nurse, put it down. It'll please her!"



TROOP-SHIP OFFICER. "Anything I can do for you, Sir?"
ENTERPRISING AMERICAN. "I guess so. I'm the cinematograph operator who's going to take a film the first time you're torpedoed, and I've got a letter from your folks instructing you to give me every facility."
(July 25, 1917)

A Way we have in the Army

I HEARD the order for the first time from the lips of a hardened-looking old Troop-Sergeant-Major at the Curragh, but to the mere foot-slogger it did not convey much.

" 'Pare to dismahnt! Dis-mahnt!! Muchyerorses!!!"

After which each trooper bestowed a couple of perfunctory pats on the neck of his horse.

Later I sought enlightenment from a cavalry friend, and learnt from him that the cabalistic command was intended to represent—" Make much of your horses!" Think of it. And yet some people call us an unsentimental nation.

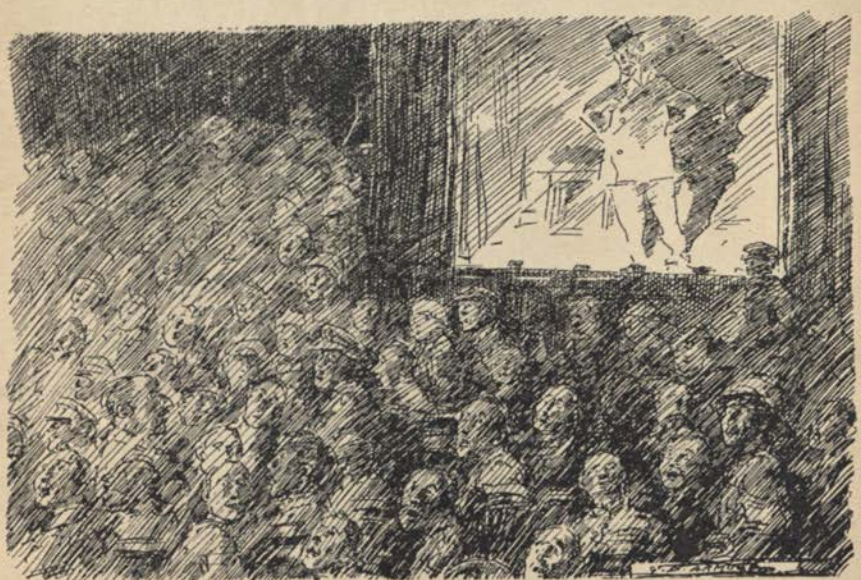
I have seen the horses of a German battery, captured in Gallipoli, half of them dead from exhaustion and ill-treatment, with great gaping wounds in their flanks and withers, caused, not by our fire, but by goads used by their own drivers. I have seen the horses of some of our Allies ridden needlessly into a bath of foam and perspiration, their sides flaked with blood from the spur. As for us, we " make much of our horses." Time and familiarity

have robbed the order of some of its appealing significance, but it remains the most beautiful command in use in the Army—and it *is* a command.

It is somewhat harder to make much of a mule. A mule is a self-sufficient philosopher, with more independence and less temperament than a horse. Apparently oblivious of caresses, he stands in rapt meditation, semaphoring absently with his ears. The only other sign of life he gives is an occasional movement of his tail, which, shorn of hair except at its lower end, looks absurdly like an old-fashioned bell-pull. Of course it must be understood that this picture represents the mule at his best.

Nevertheless, in spite of his faults, the mule gets his meed of affection. At Suvla Bay, where the Indian Mule Corps did such splendid work, I often watched them, both men and mules, with interest and curiosity. The men were wonderfully cool and their attitude in the face of death was extraordinary. Many a shell plumped right into that long line as it made its way in single file along the ridge, and at each explosion they laughed heartily as at a really good joke.

One man in particular I noticed as I hurried past the column—a hale hearty old fellow of about sixty, leading a beautiful sleek mule. At the sound



AN OPEN-AIR VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT AT THE FRONT

With "occasional music by the Anti-Aircraft Section."

(*September 19, 1917*)

of each report he would roar with immoderate laughter and turn, jabbering merrily, to share his joke with his comrades.

It was half-an-hour later when I returned along the ridge, zig-zagging a path through the bodies of men and mules, for the day had been a hard one for us. About half-way back I came on the veteran kneeling beside his mule, which had been hit by the nose-cap of a shrapnel shell, and the callous old fellow was sobbing bitterly. As I approached he was trying to pour water from his bottle down the mule's throat; but he soon saw it was useless. The mule was dead.

In a dazed way he took off the pack-saddle and harness, and, kissing the dead animal, tottered feebly back.

"Make much of your horses—*and* your mules."

DISTRACTIONS OF CAMP LIFE

TOMMY (*by roadside*). "Out on the spree again? Going to the pictures?"

HIGHLANDER. "No. We're awa' to see your lot change guard."

The "Berliner Tageblatt" calls upon the people to fight on. Several natives have been reprimanded for putting the question, "Fight on what?"

"The Daily Express" publishes a photograph of a British soldier showing how his hair was parted by a German bullet. The shot, it is thought, must have been fired by a German barber.

GROCER'S WIFE. "You'll excuse me servin' you to-day, Miss. Me 'usband's joined the *National Preserves*."

CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR (*told off to look after the Regimental Pet*).
"Now here's something I really wouldn't mind killing."

A Recitation in Rest-Billets

IN a way the C.O. was to blame. His constant desire to amuse the men while in rest-billets greatly taxed the resources of the officer whose duty it was to arrange the concerts. Briggs, being the " Intelligence " Officer and erroneously credited with a certain allowance of this quality, had been entrusted with the re-shuffling of the items we all knew so well. As in the trenches the men bore the attack bravely. They would let their pent-up feelings burst forth in joining in the choruses, and then applaud their own efforts vigorously; further, should the Chaplain not be present, a Scottish Sergeant would amuse them considerably, while the officers looked up at the ceiling. It happened that Briggs's difficulty over the lack of fresh talent reached the ears of our latest arrival, one Captain Knibb, who was small and had trouble with his eyeglass. Approaching our little group before luncheon on the day of the concert, he casually observed to Briggs that if he were short of turns he wouldn't mind reciting something. For a moment Briggs looked dubious; but, after all, a cadaverous subaltern named Byson had recited " Gunga Din " at every concert held, and it was quite good fun to prompt him from the " stalls " when he broke down.

" What will you recite ? " asked Briggs cautiously.

" Oh ! I've written a little topical thing for the men," replied Knibb modestly, and we all looked grave. On reflection I hold the opinion that

Briggs should have put his foot down then and there, but, failing to realize the possibilities of the situation, he weakly said, "Good," and was led away to hear "the little topical thing." When Briggs returned we knew by his face that the worst could be anticipated.

"It's simply ghastly!" he muttered when the mess-waiter had tended him into a state of coherence. "The men will never stand it. It begins like an election address, something about—

> 'Colonel Blankney and the boys he leads,
> Ye who have fought because Belgium bleeds'—

and yards of similar piffle." We shuddered, knowing the men's sense of humour. Still, you can't tell a Captain he's going to make an ass of himself, so with dismal forebodings Briggs wrote, "Captain Knibb—recitation—selected," on the programme, and hardly touched his food.

The concert began at six. It was, as usual, packed, being held on a pay-day, which may have accounted for the battalion conjurer's total incompetence and the officers' lack of enthusiasm when he wanted to borrow a watch; however, since we knew that he *could* do the tricks when he was all right his exit was triumphant. When "Gunga Din" had been duly rendered according

WIFE. "Do you think the Zeppelins will come here?"
HUSBAND. "Very possibly, I should say."
WIFE. "Then I shan't start the Spring cleaning."

to custom and B Co.'s Sergeant-Major had illustrated with a cornet that "Where my caravan has rested" was a place to be avoided, and the Scottish Sergeant had been dragged off the stage owing to the presence of the Chaplain—when, in fact, everything was proceeding with customary smoothness, the audience received the pleasant shock of Briggs's announcement that a new item would be given: "Captain Knibb—recitation—selected." For a moment the C.O. seemed pleased that one of his captains should help in the entertainment, but when Captain Knibb strolled dramatically on to the four-by-two stage and bowed unctuously to his Colonel, the latter stiffened visibly. You could have heard the habitual pin drop, the men seemed so determined to give him a respectful and sporting chance. Slowly and heavily he began—

"Colonel Blankney and the boys he leads,
Ye who have fought because Belgium bleeds."

This was followed by a slight pause, during which the Captain's servant hastily applauded, the Q.M.S. shouted, "Order, please!" and several subs turned their profiles on the C.O. The Chaplain seemed to scent competition.

"I speak of the 'Battling Seventh's' name!
Men of imperishable fame!"

EXCITED MUSICIAN (*who, on leaving barber's, finds that his hat has been taken*). "Look what the dirty thief has left me! Look at the little, tiny, miserable scrap of a thing! Must I buy a new hat in war-time?"

BARBER (*who has been instructed not to be too drastic*). "Well, Sir, why not try another hair-cut?"

DEAR OLD LADY. "It must be a great strain for the man up the periscope."
NEPHEW. "Yes, he has a thin time."

At this point "Defaulters" sounded jarringly outside, and several "men of imperishable fame" left the building hurriedly; and amidst the general disorder the "Battling Seventh" choked audibly.

Growing more and more impressive our White Hope and Kipling's Despair unburdened himself still further of the result of a late supper, and louder and louder grew the gurgling, until, as he ended the first stanza with the terrific climax—

"Men of the 'Battling Seventh,' charge!"

a thin voice cried, "As you were!" and even the C.O. swung on his moustache with both hands and rocked helplessly.

What would have happened then Heaven and the Staff alone know, but in the midst of the unrestrained emotion which now pervaded the audience an orderly flew in and whispered, "Test gas alarm, Sir!" to the C.O., who turned purple and in a choked voice repeated the order to the assembly. Never have I seen the men so reluctant to get into their gas-helmets, and it was with strangled splutterings of protest that they hurried away to "stand to."

* * * * * * *

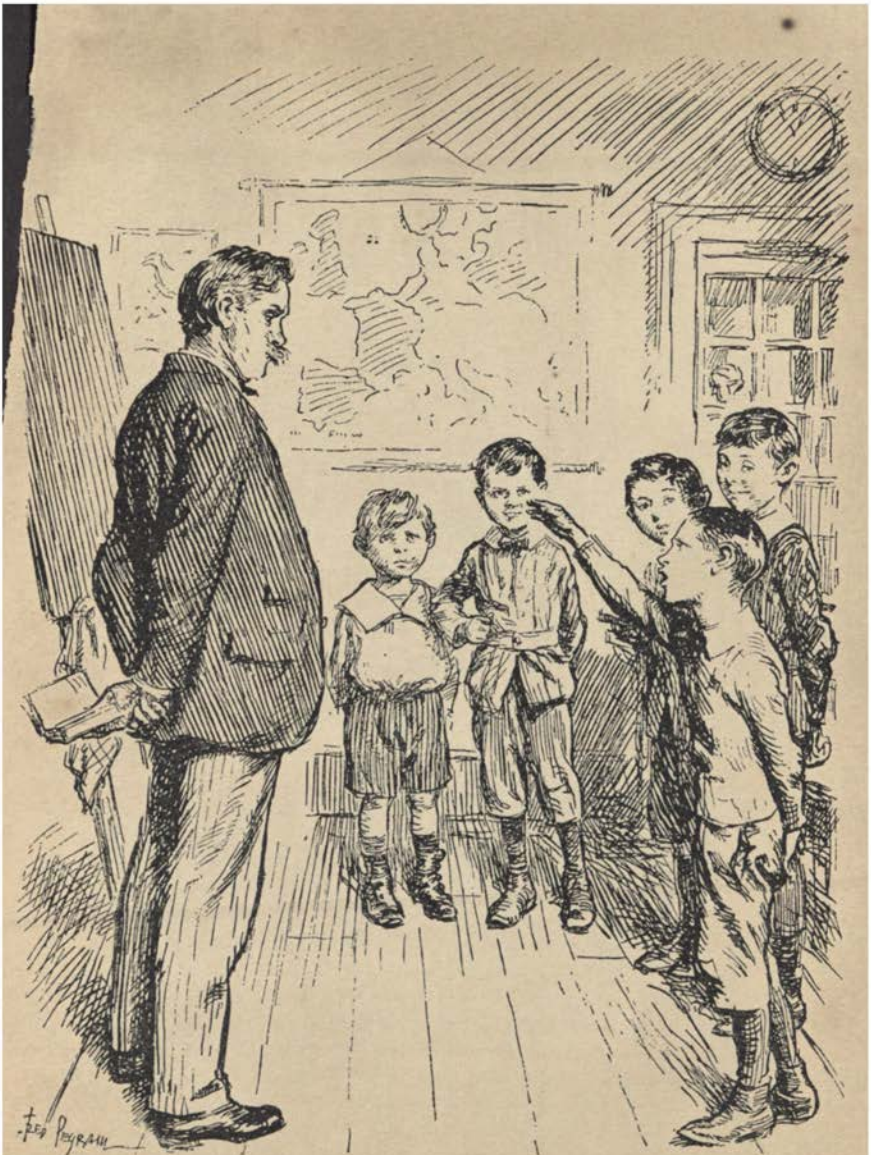
Indisposition has robbed us of Captain Knibb for a while, but we are all hoping that he is busy in his leisure moments.

SOLDIER (*offering seat in French tram*). " 'Ere, *asseyez-vous, Madame, s'il vous plait.*"

FRENCH DAME. "*Ah, non, Monsieur—c'est à vous!*"

SOLDIER. "Go on, sit down, yer silly old geyser!"

FRENCH DAME. "*Ah, merci, Monsieur—vous êtes bien gentil.*"



PATRIOTIC TEACHER. " 'England expects——' Now, will one of you boys finish the sentence? 'England expects——' "

BRIGHT PUPIL. "To win!"

SKINNER. "What are you doing about the rationing?"
PODMORE. "Oh, when mealtime comes I tighten my belt."
SKINNER. "From the outside or the inside?"

(*May 2, 1917*)

An Involuntary Raid

LIFE in a convalescent hospital for officers is not one continuous round of gaiety, but it has its incidents for all that.

The other day Sister took Haynes, Ansell and myself to have tea with some people in the neighbouring village of Little Budford. We were waiting in the hall for the car when Seymour came along. Seymour is an adjutant when he is not at home, and he likes to see things done with proper military precision.

"Here," he said, "you can't go off casually like that. Fall in, tea-party."

We fell in, and he went to the smoking-room and woke Major Stanley.

"Party for tea ready for inspection, Sir," he reported.

"Who? What? Where?" asked the Major confusedly. "Good Lord, you young idiot, what a scare you gave me! Thought I was back in France for a moment. Where's this party paraded?"

"Hout in the 'all, Sir." Seymour led him to where we were standing at ease.

"Party!" he roared. "Shunsuwere!" We gave two convulsive jerks. "Smarten up there, smarten HUP! Get a move on! This ain't a waxwork. Shunsuwere! . . . Shun!! Party present, Sir."

The Major inspected us.

" I don't like this smear, Sergeant," he said, pointing to Ansell's upper lip.

Seymour examined the feature in question.

" It don't appear to be dirt, Sir. Some sort o' growth, I think. You try sand-papering it, me lad, an' you 'll find it come orf all right."

" Very good, Sergeant," answered Ansell solemnly.

The Major proceeded to Haynes, and eyed him with disfavour.

" We can't do nothing with this man, Sir," said Seymour deprecatingly. " 'Is legs is that bandy."

" What do you mean, Private Haynes, by appearing on ceremonial parade with a pair of bandy legs ? "

" It wasn't my fault, Sir. 'Strewth, it wasn't. They got wet, Sir, an' I went an' dried 'em at the cook'ouse fire, Sir, an' they got warped, Sir."

" Well," said the Major, " don't bring 'em on parade again. Tell your Q.M.S. I say you 're to have a new pair."

" Very good, Sir."

The Major passed on to me, and surveyed my left arm more in anger than in sorrow.

" Why has this man got his blue band fastened on with pins ? " he demanded. " Why isn't it sewn on ? Why hasn't he fastened it on with elastic ? D'you hear me ? Are you deaf ? Why isn't it sewn on ? Why don't you speak ? "

" Please, Sir . . . "

SENTRY (*at Remount Camp*). "Halt! Who goes there?"
WEARY VOICE. "One friend and two mules."

" Don't answer me back ! Sergeant, take this man's name. He is insolent. Take his name for insolence. You are insolent, Sir. You're a disgrace to the Army. You're a . . ."

" If you've quite finished with my squad, Major," put in Sister in a quiet voice from the door, " the car is here, and we're late already. I shall have to push a bit."

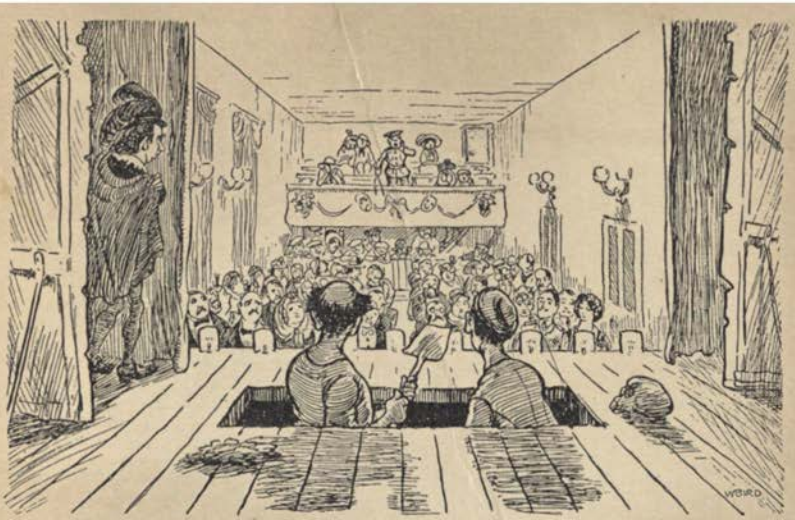
I promptly made for the seat beside the driver, explaining that I wanted to see the speedometer burst. Sister does a good many things, and does most of them well ; but her particular accomplishment is her motor-driving. After my experiences in different cars at the Front—especially those driven by Frenchmen—I thought at first that motoring had no new thrills to offer me ; but when Sister takes corners I still clutch at anything handy.

Surrey began to stream past us. The landscape was extremely beautiful, but only the more distant parts of it were visible except as a mere blur. After five or six miles we turned into a long straight stretch of road.

" The Hepworths live somewhere along this," said Sister. " There's a lovely sunken garden just in front of the house which I want you to notice. Hallo ! here we are ; I thought it was further on."

The car whizzed round and through a drive gateway half hidden in trees. When I opened my eyes again I looked for the sunken garden ; but except for a few very prim-looking flower-beds the grounds in front of the house

. "Owing to a cold, Private Stayer will not be able to sing 'From
ght till Monday Morning' as intended, but Sergeant Stickett has
nted to play 'For all Eternity,' and as it will then be getting rather
conclude with the National Anthem."



VOICE FROM GALLERY (*during grave-digger scene in "Hamlet"*). "Ain't yer going to 'ave no parapet?"

consisted entirely of a lawn, round which the drive took a broad circular sweep.

"It must be the wrong house," said Sister, and without pausing an instant in our centrifugal career we rushed round the complete circle and disappeared through the gate as suddenly as we had come. As we passed the house I had a fleeting glimpse of an old, hard-featured and furious female face glaring at us from one of the windows.

On the road we stopped the car so as to regain some measure of gravity before presenting ourselves at our real destination—next house—but were still rather hysterical when we arrived.

"You 'll hear more of this," said our hostess, when we had reported our raid. "Old Miss Mendip lives there—a regular tartar; all kinds of views; writes to the papers."

* * * * * * *

In a subsequent issue of the local weekly we found the following :—

To the Editor of "The Inshot Times, Great and Little Budford Chronicle and Home Counties Advertiser"

SIR,—Even in *war-time*, when one cannot call our souls our own, we may surely expect the privacy of individuals and the rights of property to receive *some* respect An Englishman's home is still his castle, though the debased morals and decayed manners of modern *Society* (?) seem to blind its members to the fact.

MOTHER (*to curate*). "And do you really pray for your enemies?"
ETHEL (*overhearing*). *I* do, Mummy."
CURATE. "And what do you say in your prayer, my child?"
ETHEL. "I pray that they may be beaten." (*October 24, 1917*)

I wish to give publicity in your pages to a disgraceful *outrage* of which I have been made the victim. On Tuesday last I was rudely awakened from my afternoon rest by the sound of a large motor-car. As I did not expect visitors I proceeded to the window in order to discover to what the *intrusion* might be due. What was my *astonishment* to discover that the vehicle contained a party of four *perfect strangers*. Three of them, I regret to state, were wounded officers; they were being driven by one of the modern games-playing cigarette-smoking young women to whom the old-fashioned word "*lady*" seems so *singularly* inapplicable. Their sole object in entering appeared to be the perpetration of a senseless practical *joke*, for after *careering* round my garden at a pace which I can only describe as *unwomanly*, they went off by the way they had come.

My gardener, who witnessed the incident, tells me that on reaching the road they stopped the vehicle and celebrated the success of their inane efforts by *shrieking* with that unrestrained mirth which jars so painfully on refined ears.

Can *nothing* be done?

I am, Sir, Yours faithfully, LYDIA MENDIP

Manor Lodge, Little Budford.

MANAGER OF LABOUR EXCHANGE (*to man whom he has sent to a job for "an intelligent labourer to assist the demonstrator of tanks; one who can hold his tongue about the work"*). "Well, Mike, how's everything going?"

MIKE (*confidentially*). "Faith, but they're a dead failure, Sorr. Why, three weeks I've been on thim tanks and niver wan has riz off the ground yet."

OFFICER (*anxious to pass his recruit who is not shooting well*). "Do you smoke much?"

RECRUIT. "About a packet of Woodbines a day, Sir."

OFFICER. "Do you inhale?"

RECRUIT. "Not more than a pint a day, Sir."

CHAPLAIN. "So you've been to the hospital to see your son. It's a sitting-up case, isn't it?"

PROUD MOTHER. "Yes, but he made them 'Uns sit up afore they did 'im.'

PHYSICAL EXERCISE INSTRUCTOR. "'Ere you! What the deuce are *you* larfing at?"
RECRUIT. Oh, Sergeant, I—I was thinking what priceless bally asses we must look!"

THE COLONEL. "I'd take all those mutinous hounds and put 'em against the wall."
AUNT JANE. "But, my dear, the awful thing is that it has spread to our own Army. I heard two soldiers in the train to-day talking about their sergeant-major in a *dreadful* way."

First time of telling. Second time.

Third time. Fourth time.

THE MAN WHO HAD SEEN A ZEPPELIN

My Cuthbert

FOR months I had been chasing Cuthbert. I had a store of withering phrases burning to be poured over his unmentionable head. Last Tuesday my opportunity arrived.

A stranger was sitting comfortably in a deck-chair watching the vacant courts at the tennis club. His keen bronzed face and his obviously athletic body, clothed in white flannel, brought back to me the far days when the sharp clean crack in the adjoining field told of a loose one which had been got away square.

I looked at him again and thought how glad he must be to get into mufti for a few days. I tell you this to show how unprejudiced I was. The only other signs of life were the two super-aborigines who inhabit the croquet patch and detest all other mankind. I approached one of them warily and asked a question. He regarded me with a bilious and suspicious eye.

The Rejuvenating Effect of Zeppelins

2 A.M. Crash!

Boom!

Bang!

Where is it?

I can't see it.

I must see it.

I will see it.

I shall see it.

Hooray!

"Nothing whatever to do with the Army," he snapped, and a Prussian-blue opponent was smacked off into an arid and hoopless waste.

"Ah!" I exclaimed, "then he's only a rabbit after all."

The old thing gave me an unfriendly glance and then missed his hoop badly. I strolled across and sat down beside the newcomer. He smiled at me in a frank and disarming manner.

"What do you think of our courts?" I said by way of a start.

"Top-hole," he replied; "I'm looking forward to some jolly games on 'em."

His obvious disregard of perspective annoyed me. In our village, tennis is now played for hygienic reasons only.

"I'm afraid we can't offer you much of a game," I said. "You see there's a war on, and—but perhaps I can fix up a single for you after tea with old Patterby. I believe he was very hot stuff in the seventies."

"That's very good of you. I expect he'll knock my head off; I'm no use at the game yet."

He spoke as though an endless and blissful period of practice was in front of him.

"I suppose you'll be going back soon?"

COLONEL (*to private told off to act as caddie*). "Now I hope you know something about it. The last man I had put me right off. Have you ever handled clubs before?"

PRIVATE. "Not since I played in the Amateur Championship, Sir." (*Colonel is put off again.*)

(*February 7, 1917*)

THE SUB. "I say, Sergeant-Major, do you realise that that chap with the barrow is a member of an Archæological Society?"

THE SERGEANT-MAJOR. "Well, Sir, 'e may be what you say. Personally I've always found 'im quiet and well-be'aved."

(*December 19, 1917*)

"Back where?"

"I mean your leave will be up."

"Oh, I'm out of a job just now."

So it was genuine blatant indifference. I looked round for something with which to slay him.

"I wonder," he said thoughtfully, "if I shall ever find my tennis legs again."

"Have you lost them?" I asked sarcastically.

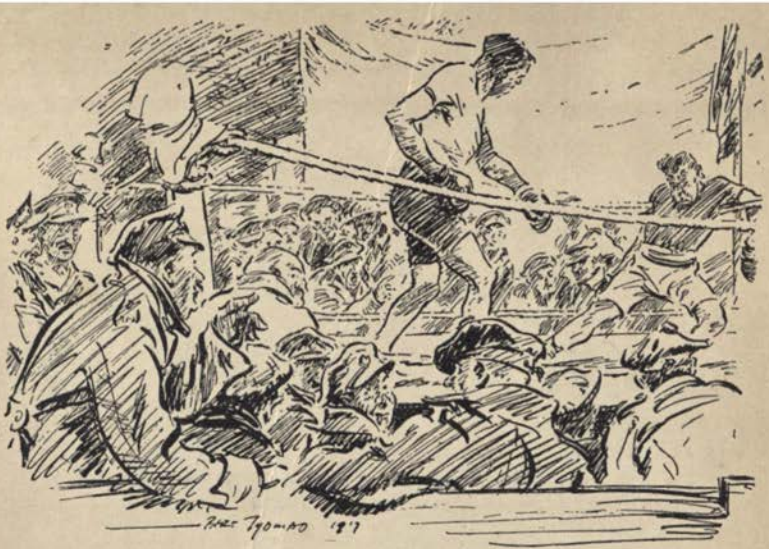
"I'm afraid so—er—that is, of course, only one of them really."

"Only one of them?" I repeated vaguely.

"Yes, Fritzie got it at Jutland; but these new mark gadgets are top-hole. I can nearly dance the fox-trot with mine already."

He stretched out the gadget in question and patted it affectionately.

The ensuing moment I count as the worst one I have ever known. I had forgotten the Navy. My only excuse is that nowadays, owing to its urgent and unadvertised affairs, we seldom have an opportunity in our village of meeting the Senior Service. But I feel convinced that the irascible Methuselah on the croquet ground was purposely and maliciously guilty of *suppressio veri*.



ONLOOKER (*at a Company exhibition, to the better man*). "Here, laad, not so mooch of it. We 'm short o' sojers in our coompany, doan't thee forget!"

(*November 14, 1917*)

One Star

OCCASIONALLY I receive letters from friends whom I have not seen lately addressed to Lieutenant M—— and apologising prettily inside in case I am by now a colonel; in drawing-rooms I am sometimes called "Captain-er"; and up at the Fort the other day a sentry of the Royal Defence Corps, wearing the Créçy medal, mistook me for a Major, and presented crossbows to me. This is all wrong. As Mr. Garvin well points out, it is important that we should not have a false perspective of the War. Let me, then, make it perfectly plain—I am a Second Lieutenant.

When I first became a Second Lieutenant I was rather proud. I was a Second Lieutenant "on probation." On my right sleeve I wore a single star. So:

★

(on probation, of course).

On my left sleeve I wore another star. So:

★

(also on probation).

They were good stars, none better in the service; and as we didn't like the sound of "on probation" Celia put a few stitches in them to make them more

permanent. This proved effective. Six months later I had a very pleasant note from the King telling me that the days of probation were now over, and making it clear that he and I were friends.

I was now a real Second Lieutenant. On my right sleeve I had a single star. Thus :

★

(not on probation).

On my left sleeve I also had a single star. In this manner :

★

This star also was now a fixed one.

From that time forward my thoughts dwelt naturally on promotion. There were exalted persons in the regiment called Lieutenants. They had two stars on each sleeve. So :

★ ★

I decided to become a Lieutenant.

Promotion in our regiment was difficult. After giving the matter every consideration I came to the conclusion that the only way to win my second star was to save the Colonel's life. I used to follow him about affectionately

RECRUIT. "Excuse me, Sir, but have the Germans the same methods in bayonet-fighting as we have?"

INSTRUCTOR. "Let's hope so. It's your only chance." *(August 29, 1917)*

HOSTESS (*playfully*). "What—haven't you finished yet?"
SANDY (*regarding cake, from which he has been told to help himself*). "Ah, but ye ken, a cake o' this size isna sae soon eaten as ye may thenk."

"Think we'll 'ave another cut at the 'Uns before the War ends, Jack?"
"No fear! It says 'ere that 'Indenburg's taken all the able-bodied an' put 'em on to work of national importance."

SHE. "Oh, was that a bomb?"
HE. "Yes, I think it was. But if it was as near as it sounded it would have been very much louder."

(*December 6, 1917*)

in the hope that he would fall into the sea. He was a big strong man and a powerful swimmer, but once in the water it would not be difficult to cling round his neck and give an impression that I was rescuing him. However, he refused to fall in. I fancy that he wore somebody's Military Soles which prevent slipping.

Years rolled on. I used to look at my stars sometimes, one on each sleeve ; they seemed very lonely. At times they came close together ; but at other times, as, for instance, when I was semaphoring, they were very far apart. To prevent these occasional separations Celia took them off my sleeves and put them on my shoulders. One on each shoulder. So :

★

And so :

★

There they stayed.
And more years rolled on.
One day Celia came to me in great excitement.
" Have you seen this in the paper about promotion ?" she said eagerly.
" No ; what is it ?" I asked. " Are they making more generals ?"
" I don't know about generals ; it's Second Lieutenants being Lieutenants."

" You're joking on a very grave subject," I said seriously. " You can't expect to win the War if you go on like that."

" Well, you read it," she said, handing me the paper. " It's a committee of Mr. Winston Churchill's."

I took the paper with a trembling hand, and read. She was right! If the paper was to be believed, all Second Lieutenants were to become Lieutenants after eighteen years' service. At last my chance had come.

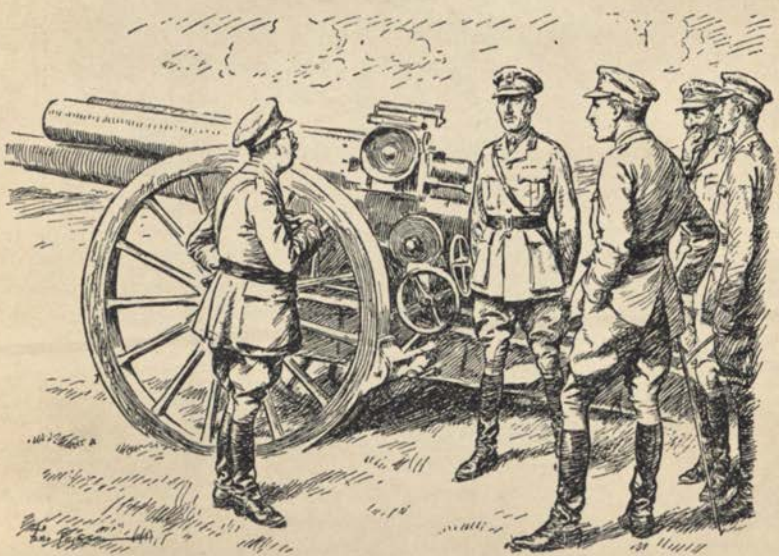
" My dear, this is wonderful," I said. " In another fifteen years we shall be nearly there. You might buy two more stars this afternoon and practise sewing them on, in order to be ready. You mustn't be taken by surprise when the actual moment comes."

" But you're a Lieutenant *now*," she said, " if that's true. It says that 'after eighteen months——'"

I snatched up the paper again. Good Heavens! it was eighteen *months* —not years.

" Then I *am* a Lieutenant," I said.

We had a bottle of champagne for dinner that night, and Celia got the



INSTRUCTOR. "Gunnery, gentlemen, is an exact mechanical science. Everything is done by rule——"

EX-ACTOR. "Then where does my personality come in, Sir?"

THE PAPER SHORTAGE

NEWS EDITOR OF "DAILY BUGLE BLAST." "Just type a short notice that finders of first snowdrop, crocus, primrose or any early spring phenomena must apprise world through our advertisement columns."

paper and read it aloud to my tunic. And just for practice she took the two stars off my other tunic and sewed them on this one—thus :

★ ★ ★ ★

And we had a very happy evening.

" I suppose it will be a few days before it's officially announced," I said.

" Bother, I suppose it will," said Celia, and very reluctantly she took one star off each shoulder, leaving the matter—so :

★ ★

And the months rolled on.

And I am still a Second Lieutenant . . .

I do not complain ; indeed I am even rather proud of it. If I am not gaining on my original one star, at least I am keeping pace with it. I might so easily have been a corporal by now.

But I should like to have seen a little more notice taken of me in the " Gazette." I scan it every day, hoping for some such announcement as this :

" Second Lieutenant M—— to remain a Second Lieutenant."

Or this :

" Second Lieutenant M—— to be seconded and to retain his present rank of Second Lieutenant."

Or even this :

" Second Lieutenant M—— relinquishes the rank of Acting Second Lieutenant on ceasing to command a Battalion, and reverts to the rank of Second Lieutenant."

Failing this, I have thought sometimes of making an announcement in the Personal Column of " The Times " :

" Second Lieutenant M—— regrets that his duties as a Second Lieutenant prevent him from replying personally to the many kind inquiries he has received, and begs to take this opportunity of announcing that he still retains a star on each shoulder. Both doing well."

But perhaps that is unnecessary now. I think that by this time I have made it clear just how many stars I possess.

One on the right shoulder. So :

★

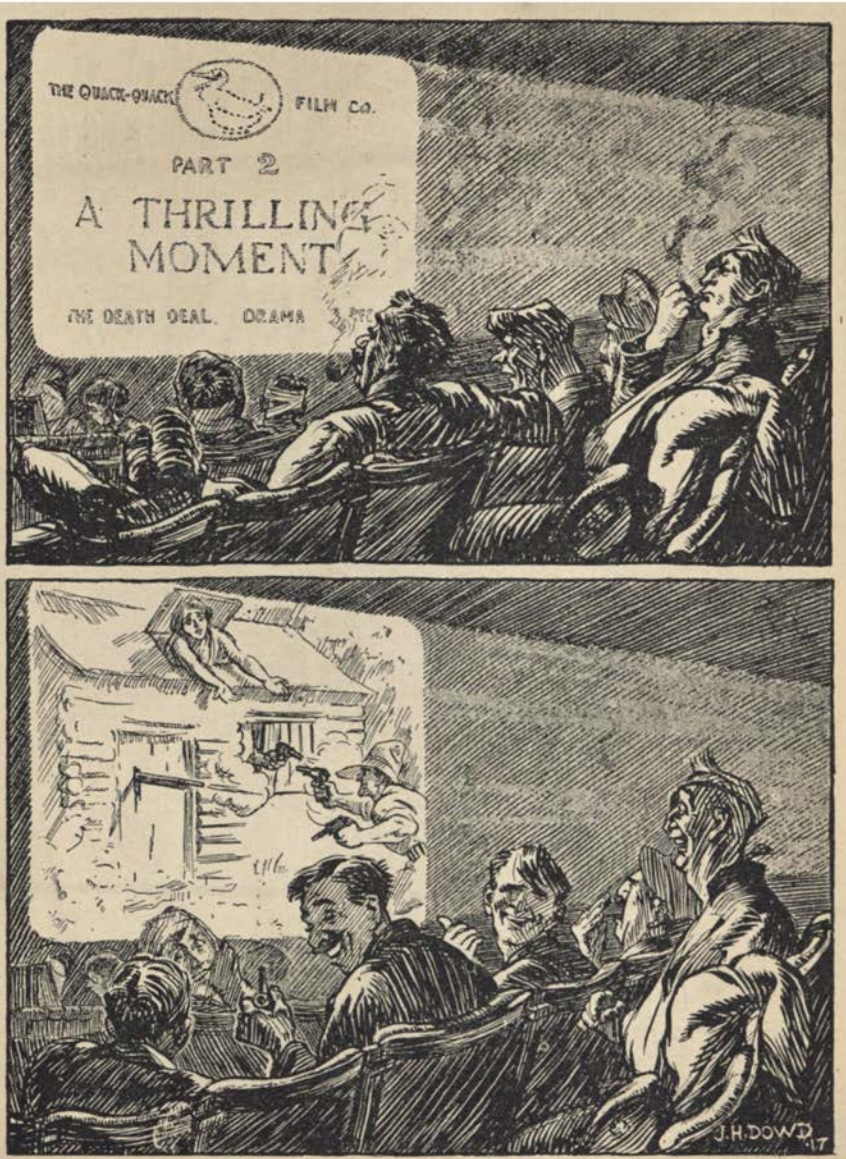
And one on the left shoulder. So :

★

That is all.

A. A. M.

HOSPITAL ORDERLY (*to inmate on "chicken diet"*). "Change for you to-day, mate. Your chicken ain't rabbit—it's fish."



THE FAILURE OF THE FILM-THRILL

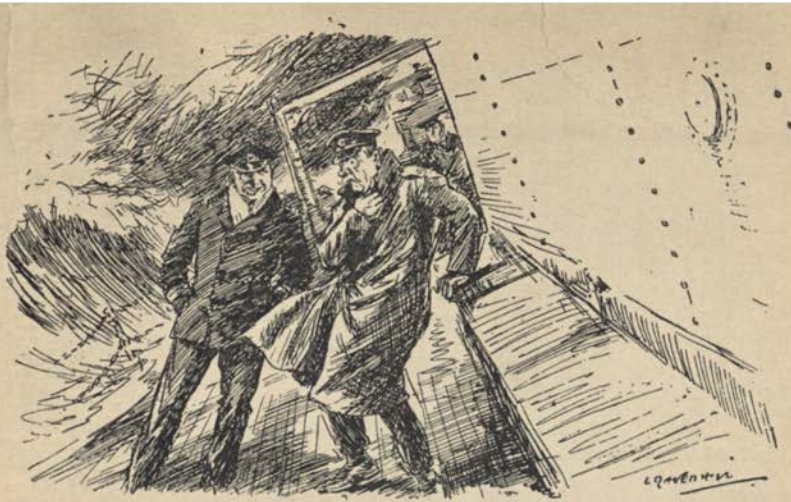
Patients from the latest push at the pictures. (*August 15, 1917*)

BUS CONDUCTOR. "Where to, Madam?"

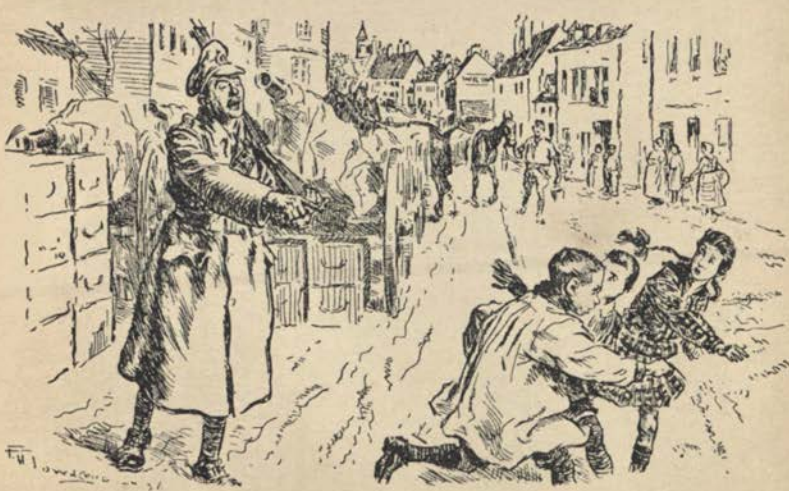
PASSENGER (*who has recently given up her car*). "The Stores—quickly as possible. Then Madame Fifinette; and I must be at the club 4.30 sharp."

FATHER. "What class did they put you in coming across?"
TOMMY. "C 6."

"How this egg got past the Food Controller I can't imagine."
(*February 14, 1917*)



GALLANT MAJOR (*temporarily in the care of H.M.'s Navy*). "Another one of that sort and—I shall do as I like."



THE NEW LANGUAGE

TOMMY (*to inquisitive French children*). "Nah, then, alley toot sweet, an' the tooter the sweeter!"

(*December 5, 1917*)

The Great Man

WHAT am I doing, Dickie? Well, I'll tell you. I'm one of those subalterns you hear of sometimes. You know the kind of things they do? They look after their men and ask themselves every day in the line (as per printed instructions), "Am I offensive enough?" In trenches they are ever to the fore, bombing, patrolling, raiding, wiring and inspecting gas helmets. Working-parties under heavy fire are as meat and drink, rum and biscuits to them. Once every nine months, and when all Staff officers have had three goes, they get leave in order to give excuse for the appointment of A.P.M.'s. There are thousands of us, and we are supposed to run the War. These are the things which I am sure (if you get newspapers in Ceylon) jump into your mind the moment I mention the word subaltern, and I may as well tell you that in associating me with any one of these deeds at the present time you are entirely wrong.

I sit in a room, an office papered with maps in all degrees of nakedness, from the newest and purest to those woad-stained veterans called objective maps. In this room, where regimental officers tread lightly, speak softly

VISITOR. "And how did you *know* when you were wounded?"
TOMMY. "Saw it in 'The Daily Mail.'"

Overheard by a distinguished singer, who has just concluded the first of two Scotch ballads.

JOCK (*to his neighbour*). "A fine voice, yon lassie. I've heard worse an' paid for it."

(*March 28, 1917*)

and creep away, awed and impotent—HE sits. "HE" is a G.S.O.3, or General Staff Officer, third grade. He it is who looks after the welfare of some hundred thousand troops (when everybody else is out). I am attached to him—not personally, be it understood, but officially. I am there to learn how he does it (whatever it is). High hopes, never realised, are held out to me that if I am good and look after the office during mealtimes I shall have a job of my very own one day—possibly two days.

And he is very good to me. He rarely addresses me directly, except when short of matches, but he often gives me an insight into things by talking to himself aloud. He does this partly to teach me the reasoning processes by which he arrives at the momentous decisions expected of a G.S.O.3, and partly because he values my intelligent consideration.

This morning, for instance, furnished a typically brilliant example of our co-operation. "I wonder," he said (and as he spoke I broke off from my daily duties of writing to Her)—"I wonder what about these Flares? Division say they want two thousand red and white changing to green—oh no, it's the other lot; no, that *is* right—I don't think they *can* want two thousand *possibly*. We might give them half for practice purposes, or say five hundred.

"Dearie me, now, I shouldn't ha' thought they gives you enough money in the Army to fill all them there little purses."

THE PESS-OPTIMIST. "Wot a life! No rest, no beer, no nuffin. It's only us keeping so cheerful as pulls us through!"

Still, if they say they want two thousand I suppose they do ; but then there's the question of what we've got in hand. All right, *let them have them.*"

That was one of the questions I helped to settle.

" Heavens ! " he went on, " five hundred men for digging cable trenches ! No, no, I don't think. They had five hundred only the other night—no, they didn't ; it was the other fellows—no, that was the night before—no, I was right as usual. One has so many things to think of. Well, they *can't* have them, that's certain ; it can't be important—yes, it is, though, if things were to—yes, yes—*we'll let them have them.*"

You will note that he said " we." Co-operation again. I assure you I glowed with pleasure to think I had been of so much assistance.

I had hardly got back to my letter when we started off again.

" Well, that's my morning's work done—no, it isn't—yes, no, by Jove, there's a code word for No. 237 Filtration Unit to be thought out. No, I shan't, they really *can't* want one, they're too far back—still they *might* come up to filter something near enough to want one—no I *won't*, it's sheer waste—still, I suppose one ought to be prepared—oh, yes, *give* them one—give them the word 'strafe' ; nobody's got that. Bong ! That's all for to-day."

And now you know what part I play in the Great War, Dickie.

Yours, JACK

P.S.—Just off for my morning's exercise—sharpening the Corps Commander's pencils.

JOCK. "Man, it's an awfu' puir day for fechtin'."
DONAL'. "Ay. But it's an awfu' guid day for gettin' the fu' warrumth an' comfort oot o' the rum ration."

"Hi! Bill! Don't come down this ladder. I've took it away."

OFFICER. "Want a new mess-tin do you? Where's your old one?"
PRIVATE. "I haven't got it, Sir."
OFFICER. "Why not?"
PRIVATE. "Please, Sir, there's a chateau on top of it, Sir."

"Good 'Evings! Where yer goin'?"

"Ye ken yon three Huns I just brought in? Weel, they want to play whist, an' I'm going back to try and pick up a fourrth."

(*May 30, 1917*)

Camouflage Conversation

It came as a shock to the Brigade Major that the brigade on his left had omitted to let him know the time of their projected raid that night. It came as a shock all the more because it was the General himself who first noticed the omission, and it is a golden rule for Brigade Majors that they should always be the first to think of things.

"Ring 'em up and ask," said the General. "Don't, of course, mention the word 'raid' on the telephone. Call it—um—ah, oh, call it anything you like so long as they understand what you mean."

At times, to the casual eavesdropper, strange things must appear to be going on in the British lines. It must be a matter of surprise, to such a one, that the British troops can think it worth their while to inform each other at midnight that "Two Emperors of Pongo have become attached to Annie Laurie." Nor would it appear that any military object would be served in passing on the chatty piece of information that "there will be no party for Windsor to-morrow." This habit of calling things and places as they most emphatically are not is but a concession, of course, to the habits of the in-

SENTRY. " 'Oo goes there?"
JOCK. "Twa Scotches, an' awfu' under proof."

NERVOUS RECRUIT (*on guard for the first time*). "Halt, friend! Who goes there?"

famous Hun, who rightly or wrongly is supposed to overhear everything one says within a mile of the line.

Thinking in the vernacular proper to people who keep the little knowledge they have to themselves, the Brigade Major grasped the hated telephone in the left hand and prepared to say a few words (also in the vernacular) to his fellow Staff Officer a mile away.

"Hullo!" Br-rr—Crick-crick. "Hullo, Signals! Give me S-Salmon."

"Salmon? You're through, Sir," boomed a voice apparently within a foot of his ear.

"OO!" An earsplitting crack was followed by a mosquito-like voice singing in the wilderness.

"Hullo!"

"Hullo!"

"This is Pike."

"This is Possum. H-hullo, Pike!"

"Hullo, Possum!"

"I say, look here, the General w-wants to know" (here he paused to throw a dark hidden meaning into the word) "what time—*it*—is."

"What time it is?"

"Yes, what time *it* is! *It*. Yes, what time it is"—repeated *fortissimo ad lib.*

"Eleven thirty-five."

BOSCH (*downed after long Homeric combat*). "Kamerad!"
PAT. "Be jabers, 'tis the word I've been thrying to remember for the last three minuts."

SERGEANT-MAJOR (*who has the professional mind*). "He's a good man in the trenches, Sir, and a good man in a scrap, Sir; but you'll never make a soldier of him."

EX-BUS-DRIVER (*in difficulties in the roadless zone*). "'Ere's ole Piccadilly up agin—fair in the 'ighth of the season."

"Wonder 'ow the Navy's gettin' on."
"Dunno. Ain't seen 'em about lately."

MAJOR-GENERAL (*addressing the men before practising an attack behind the lines*). "I want you to understand that there is a difference between a rehearsal and the real thing. There are three essential differences: First, the absence of the enemy. Now (*turning to the Regimental Sergeant-Major*) what is the second difference?"

SERGEANT-MAJOR. "The absence of the General, Sir."

" Eleven thirty-five ? Why, it's on now. I don't hear anything on the Front ?"

" No, you wouldn't."

" Why not ?"

" Because it's all quiet."

" But you said s-something was on ?"

" No, I didn't. You asked me what time it was and I told you."

Swallowing hard several times, Possum girded up his loins, so to speak, gripped the telephone firmly in the right hand this time, and jumped off again. His " Hullo " sent a thrill through even the Bosch listening apparatus in the next sector.

" Hullo ! L-look here, Pike, we—want—to—know—what time *it* is."

" Eleven thir——"

" No, no, *it*—*it* !"

" What ?"

" It ! You *know* what I mean. Damit, what can I call it ? Oh—er,

TIME IN THE TRENCHES

VAGUE TOMMY (*writing letter*). "Wot day is it?" CHORUS. "The fourteenth." TOMMY. "Wot month?" CHORUS. "October." TOMMY. "Wot year?"

sports; what time is your *high jump*?" he added, nodding and winking knowingly. "Well, what time's the circus? When do you start for Berlin?"

"I say, Possum, are you all right, old chap?" said a voice full of concern.

A crop of full-bodied beads appeared on the Brigade Major's brow. His right hand was paralysed by the unceasing grip of the receiver. There was a strained look in his eyes as of a man watching for the ration-party.

"S-something," he said, calmly and surely mastering his fate—"s-something is happening to-night."

"You're a cheery sort of bloke, aren't you?"

"Good God, are you cracked or what? There's a——"

"Careful, careful!" called the General from his comfortable chair in the other room.

"O-oh!" sang the mosquito voice, "*now* I know what you mean. You want to know what time our—er—ha! ha! you know—the—er—don't you?"

"The—ha! ha! yes"—they leered frightfully at each other; it was a horrible spectacle. No one would think that Possum had so much latent evil in him.

"We sent you the time mid-day."

"Well, we haven't had it. C-can you give me any indication, w-without actually s-saying it, you know?"

FIRST TOMMY. "What are yer going to do with it?"

SECOND TOMMY (*with tiny prisoner*). "Fix it on the bonnet of the General's motor-car."

(*August 22, 1917*)

LANCE-CORPORAL (*in charge of footsore Tommy who has fallen out on the march*). "You've nothing to grouse about. You're gettin' your own back from the Government. Ain't you wearin' out their blinkin' boots?"

(*June 3, 1917*)

"Well now," said the mosquito, "You know how many years' service I've got? Multiply by two and add the map square of this headquarters."

"Well, look here," it sang again, "you remember the number of the billet where I had dinner with you three weeks ago? Well, halve that and add two."

"Half nine and add two" (*aside*: "These midnight mathematics will be the death of me—ah! that's between six and seven?"). *Aloud*: "But that's daylight."

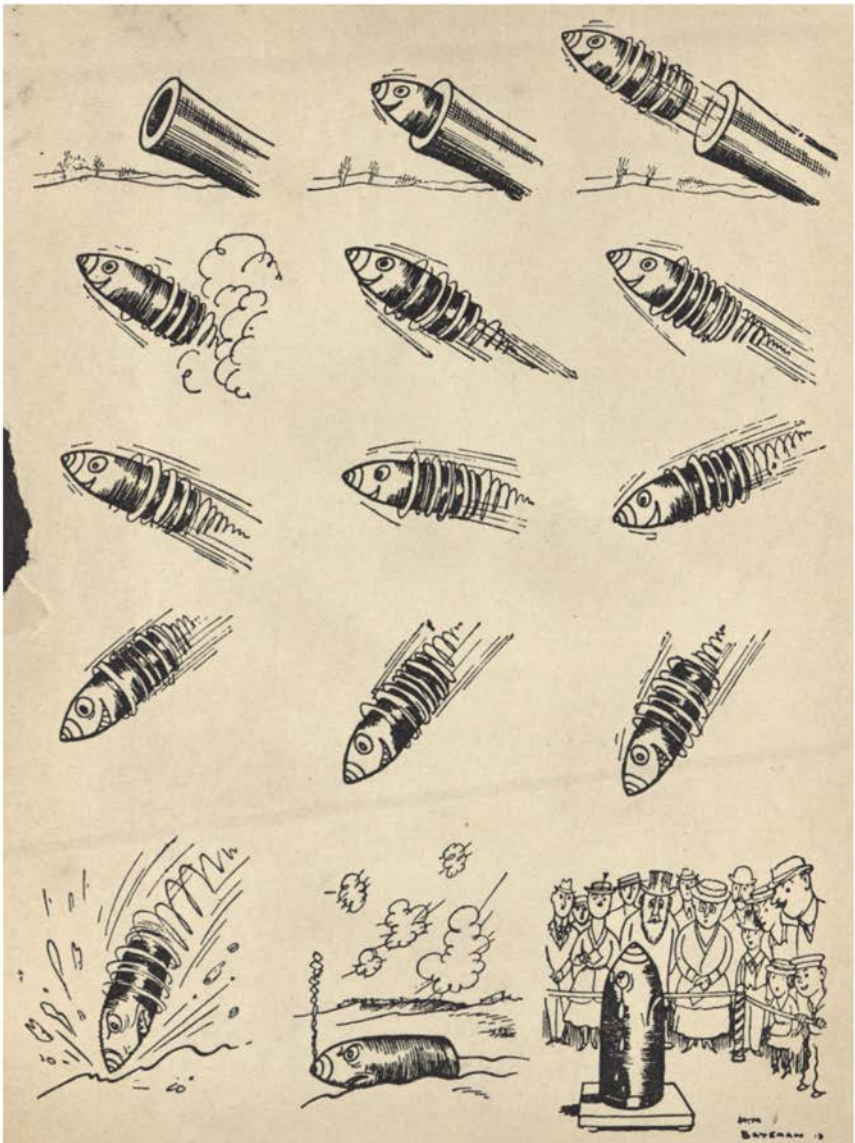
"No, it isn't. Which dinner are you thinking of?"

With the sweat pouring down his face, both hands now clasping the telephone—his right being completely numbed—he called upon the gods to witness the foolishness of mortals. Suddenly a hideous cackle of mosquito-laughter filtered through and, by some diabolical contrivance of the signals, the tiny voice swelled into a bellow close to his ear.

"If you really want to know, old Possum," it said, "the raid took place two hours ago!"

"I hope," said Possum, much relieved, but speaking with concentrated venom, "I h-hope you may be strafed with boiling—— Are you there?" Being assured that he was he slapped his receiver twice, and, much gratified at the unprintable expression of the twice-stunned one at the other end, went to tell the General—who, he found, had gone to bed and was fast asleep.

THE C.O.: A MAN'S MAN



THE DUD

"What's up, Alf? You don't seem half in a rage!"
"So 'ud you be if you saw a blinkin' civilian fanning your best girl with his beastly exemption card."

(January 30, 1918)

JOCK (*hitherto silent, rising to leave during a discussion on the merits of different regiments and countries*). "Mph! I just ask ye, what wad you chaps dae if Scotland was tae mak' a separate peace?"

(*June 19, 1918*)

ARTIST (*to Tommy, home on leave, acting as model for picture to be entitled "Going over the Top"*). "Ah dinna ken what it is. It doesna seem realistic enough. Have we forgotten anything?"

TOMMY. "Don't think so, guv'nor, on'y the tot o' rum yer didn't serve aht." (*January 2, 1918*)

Queue-mania

THE suspicion that all was not well with Old Dobson came first to me on the day when I met him hurrying home with a small packet of sugar.

"Waited in a queue forty-five minutes for this," he said.

"Did you? Sickening," said I.

"Oh, I don't know about that. It's not unamusing. There's a certain *camaraderie* about a queue. I rather like it."

I looked at him suspiciously, but he appeared to be quite serious, and indeed my experience of him was that he had never intentionally made a joke.

About a week later I was greatly surprised to see Dobson, of all people, in the queue outside the pit of our local music-hall. The doors were just opened, but when he arrived at the barrier he wriggled out of the crush and made off down the street.

"Hullo," I said, overtaking him, "why didn't you go into the Empire?"

"I haven't been into a music-hall for twenty-years," said Dobson.

"Then why—— ?"

He looked round to see that we were not overheard and then took my arm fidentially.

" The fact is, I simply can't resist a queue," he said.

Three days ago I looked out of my window and to my surprise saw bson's head appearing above the fence which protects my villa residence m the road. He was standing on the pathway, and as I watched I saw at every minute or so he moved along a pace or two.

I went out in the garden and looked over the fence.

" Oh, that you ?" said he. " Thought I'd come round for a chat and a smoke. But I must take my turn, of course, like every one else. Oh, I beg your pardon," he put in suddenly, as he took off his hat to an imaginary lady in front of him : " I fear I have trodden on your heel. Yes, very seasonable weather, isn't it ? I hope you were not inconvenienced by the air-raid last night ?"

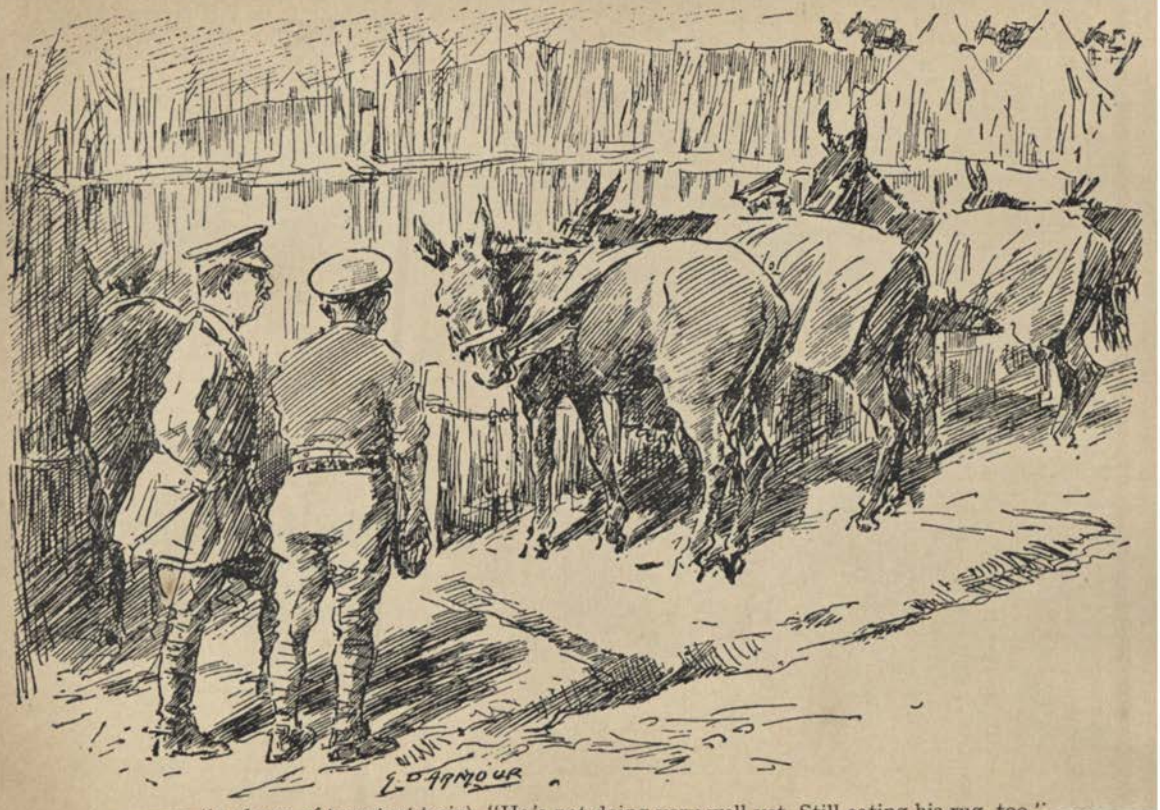
While he prattled on thus I went out at the gate and along the path to him.

" Dobby," I said, " as you are an old friend I have made arrangements for you to come in at once in front of all these people."

" I couldn't hear of it," said Dobson stoutly. " It wouldn't be cricket. No, I'll take my turn."

It was twenty minutes before I welcomed him at the door.

IMITATIVE EVOLUTION ON THE MUNITION-WORKER'S ALLOTMENT
(*September 4, 1918*)



OFFICER (*in charge of transport train*). "He's not doing very well yet. Still eating his rug, too."
TOMMY. "Yes, Sir, 'e always did. But 'e's better nor 'e wus. 'E spits out the buckles now."

"I shan't keep him long," he called over his shoulder as he entered the house.

He was perfectly normal on all other subjects, but I could not persuade him to stay more than a quarter of an hour.

"I must make room for the next man," he said. "It would never do for me of all people—— You know I'm writing a book on Queue Etiquette. I shall call it *Tips for Queues*, I think. Good-bye."

That was a week ago. Yesterday I saw him standing patiently on the pavement of the main road. It is impossible to say for certain what was his objective. The Geological and Archæological Museum was only a short distance away, but surely even Dobson would never——

Well, well, it's a sad little story.

The Perfect Camouflage Artist

Before.

After.

(*November 20, 1918*)

"My boy's been out there twelve months without a scratch."
"Good Heavens! What insect-powder does he use?"

(*November 6, 1918*)

MEDICAL OFFICER (*London practitioner in private life*). "Would you come to me with such a trivial complaint in civil life?"
PRIVATE. "No, Sir. I should send for you." (*August 21, 1918*)

THE POLITICIAN WHO ADDRESSED THE TROOPS
(April 17, 1918)

THE ABSENT-MINDED OFFICER AND THE COWS THAT "EYES LEFTED"

N. Y. D.

TRENCH-FOOT, shell-shock and the other well-known by-products of war on the Western Front always got the bulk of medical notice, while our rarer Macedonian efforts remained neglected. My friend McTurtle has nervous prostration, with violent paroxysms at the mention of leave or demobilization, and the medical profession can only classify him as "N. Y. D., or Not Yet Diagnosed (malignant)."

McTurtle is a Staff-officer. A famous Atlantic liner dumped him at Salonica in 1915, and when the first infantrymen panted through the town in search of non-existent billets McTurtle was to be seen in the window of a villa, giving bird-seed to his canary. At Salonica it is not considered good form to ask openly what a Staff-officer's job is, but he allowed friends to gather that he had an indirect connection with that fine old regiment, the Macedonian Labour Corps.

After some time (about three decorations and a mention in despatches, as McTurtle measured time) the overland leave route was opened, and the far-reaching shadow of war plunged suddenly across McTurtle's unlikely threshold. He was called upon, like many another harmless Staff-officer, to give up his simple comforts and to face hardship and suffering for a scrap of paper

(authorising him to travel to Manchester). At first McTurtle was content to let the younger men of the Base make a stand against the aggression of the front line. Being the only support of an aged Colonel and no mere youth, he left it to the reckless A.P.M.'s, the dashing Camp Commandants and the care-free dare-devil Field-Cashiers to repel the infantry and gunners. But his conscience was uneasy, and indeed his apparent lack of proper feeling was commented upon by others. Once an A.D.C. handed him a white feather in the Rue Venizelos.

At length it became obvious that the Base was losing ground. The infantry and gunners, outnumbering the Staff by at least two to one, were gaining positions on each leave-party. The issue was trembling in the balance, and McTurtle answered the call. With set lips he sought the nearest orderly-room sergeant.

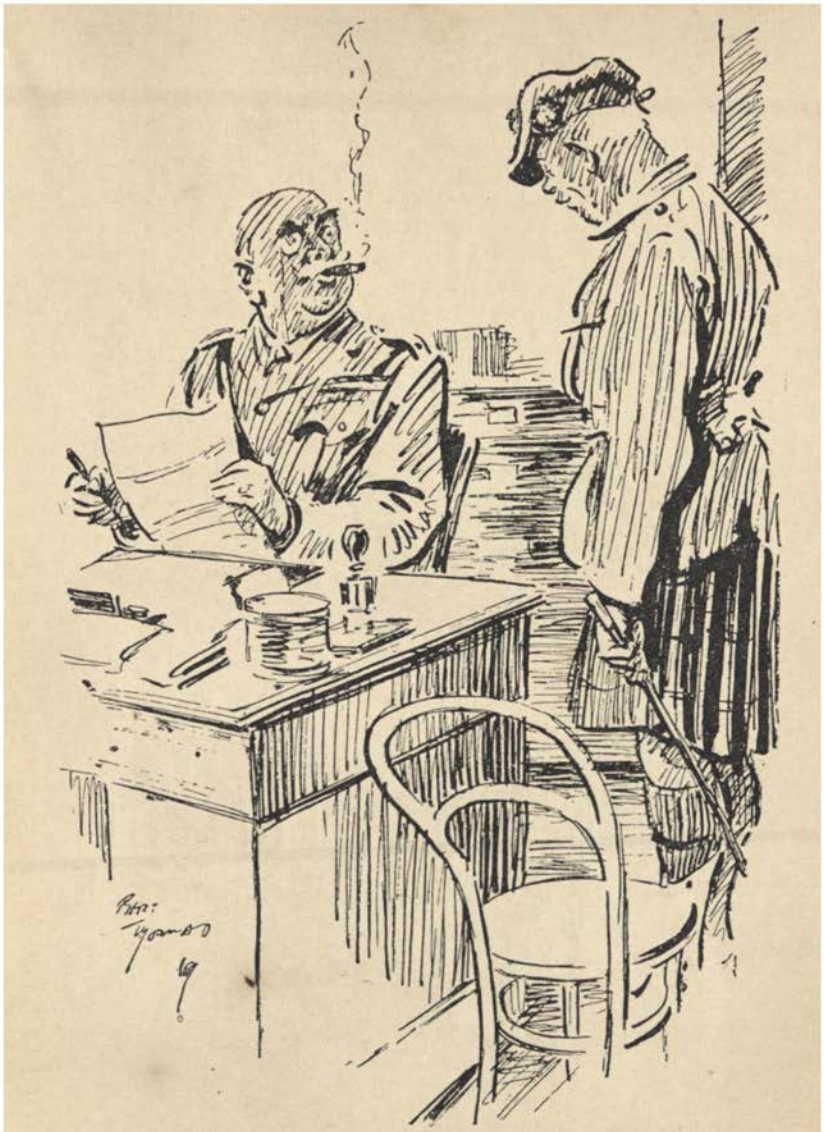
Before a week was out the night saw a train creeping through the gloom towards Athens and McTurtle sitting wakeful amongst four snoring infantry-men. He thought piously of the time when the Staff should reach such a

POST-WAR PROBLEMS

ADJUTANT (*who has been interrupted in his real work by a summons from Colonel*). "Yes, Sir?"

TEMPORARY COLONEL. "I say—er—Smith—it's so uncertain how long we shall be out here—demobilisation, you know. Er—fact is—*do* you think it worth my while getting another pair of breeches?"

THE VICAR. "This is indeed a most delightful cup of tea."
HOSTESS. "Yes; Polly made it. She has greatly improved since she went to that Government Office."



OFFICER (*engaged in drawing up a will for Jock, about to go overseas*). "But, hang it, man, you surely haven't got *all* this money to leave to your relations?"

JOCK. "Ah ken *that* a' richt, Sorr; but ah just want tae impress them wi' ma goodwill!"

pitch of organization that it would be needless—nay, impossible—for infantry to continue to exist. Towards dawn he fell into a doze, and when he waked it was light. He lowered what had been the window and looked out.

McTurtle hates heights, and in his cloistered Salonica life he had never realised that the trains of Greece ran about like mice upon a cornice. Four hundred precipitous feet yawned beneath his horrified eyes, and at his first involuntary gasp the teeth he owed to art and not to nature left him and swooped like a hawk upon a distant flock of sheep. The shepherd, a simple rustic unfamiliar with modern dentistry, endeavoured to sell them subsequently to a Y.M.C.A. archæologist as genuine antiques.

At that moment the train stopped. McTurtle thought that his loss had been noticed, but as he made his way to the kit-truck for some more teeth he discovered that a landslide barred the way. The train backed cautiously for ten minutes and stopped again. Another landslide. The leave-party remained stationary for thirty hours, eating the rations thoughtfully provided for such a contingency.

In due course McTurtle found himself on the front seat of a motor lorry breasting the spurs of Mt. Parnassus. The dizziness of his path was invisible to him, for in a Grecian summer you can see nothing out of motor vehicles but dust.

PUNCTUALITY

SERGEANT. "Fall in agin at 'leven o'clock. An' when I say, 'Fall in at 'leven o'clock,' *I mean* fall in at 'leven. So *fall in at 'alf-past ten!*"

FOOD VALUES IN THE RESTAURANTS

CUSTOMER. "What do you suggest for to-day, Miss?"
WAITRESS (*late of Girton*). "Well, Sir, roast mutton, two vegetables and sweets will give you the necessary protein, calories and carbohydrates."

But when the lorry reached the summit of the pass the sea-breeze from the Gulf of Corinth cleared the air and he saw for the first time the peaks on one side and the gulfs on the other, with the road writhing down canyons and gorges like a demoniac corkscrew.

" Fine view, Sir," remarked the driver.

McTurtle gulped assent.

" Bit dangerous, o' course," continued the driver chattily. " There was a steam roller went over the edge just 'ere three days ago. Nice young fellow as drove it. Beg pardon, Sir ? Oh, I thought you spoke.

" Yes, 'e went too near the edge and it gave like. No nearer than we 'as to go, o' course : you watch while we pass this Frenchman. . . . There was a lad took a lorry over three weeks ago. 'Ad an attack of fever while 'e was driving and went unconscious. 'Ave you 'ad malaria, Sir ? I get it something cruel meself. Comes on sudden like.

COLONEL (*back with his battalion from front lines—to horsy and immaculate Railway Transport Officer*). "Engines a bit frisky this morning?"
(*April 16, 1919*)

" Blimey, you've got a touch coming on now, 'aven't you ? "

At Itea, on the Gulf of Corinth, the party was ordered to return owing to a German offensive in France. McTurtle went back under chloroform. A week later it made another attempt, but was stopped by the Austrian offensive in Italy. McTurtle went back under morphia. At the third attempt it got through, but without McTurtle.

His nerve is gone, and he is marooned at Salonica. He cannot face the overland route, and he cannot get home all the way by sea just yet. In spite of all his endeavours he cannot become a naturalised Greek and stay there, because of linguistic difficulties.

But what he wants to know is, why can't the medical authorities recognise " leave-shock " as a disease and send him home by hospital ship ?

INDIGNANT PATRIOT (*to Local Food Committee*). "I wish to report that there's a grocer in this town who is selling butter, sugar and jam without coupons. He——"

FOOD COMMITTEE (*as one man, ecstatically*). "Which is his shop?"

(*January 15, 1919*)

A German scientist claims to have discovered a new kind of rays, the gases of which, he says, " are very long and variously shaped, and at their end seem to dissolve in forms like clouds or cascades." He calls them " bottle rays," and from the description we are inclined to think that he is probably right.

"How was it you never let your Mother know you won the V.C.?"
"It wasna my turn to write."

"You was in France a long time, Joe. Why don't *you* write a war-book?"
"No, I was only a soldier. I did all my grousin' in the trenches."

TOMMY (*homeward bound and determined not to disappoint*). "Why, Missy, three days before the Armistice the air was that thick with aeroplanes the birds had to get down and walk."

GEORDIE. "Well, ah 'm blowed! They 'm named yon plaace after t'owd doog-out on t' Somme!"

(*March 5, 1919*)

The Convalescent

WE 'VE billiards, bowls, an' tennis-courts; we 've teas an' motor-rides;
We 've concerts nearly every night, an' 'eaps o' things besides;
We 've all the best of everything, as much as we can eat—
But my 'eart—my 'eart 's at 'ome in 'Enry Street.

I 'm askin' Sister every day when I 'll be fit to go;
" We must 'ave used you bad," she says, " you want to leave us so ";
I says, " I beg your pardon, Nurse; the place is bad to beat,
But my 'eart—my 'eart 's at 'ome in 'Enry Street."

The sheffoneer we saved to buy, the clock upon the wall,
The pictures an' the almanack, the china dogs an' all—
I 've thought about it many a time, my little 'ome complete,
When in Flanders, far away from 'Enry Street.

It 's 'elped me through the toughest times (an' some was middlin' tough);
The 'ardest march was not so 'ard, the roughest not so rough;
It 's 'elped me keep my pecker up in victory an' defeat,
Just to think about my 'ome in 'Enry Street.

There's several things I sometimes want
which 'ere I never see ;
I'd like some chipped potatoes an' a
kipper to my tea ;
But most of all I'd like to feel the stones
beneath my feet
Of the road that takes me 'ome to 'Enry
Street.

They'll 'ave a little flag 'ung out, they'll
'ave the parlour gay
With crinkled paper round about, the
same as Christmas Day ;
An' out of all the neighbours' doors the
'eads 'll pop to greet
Me comin' wounded 'ome to 'Enry Street.

My missis—well, she'll cry a bit an' laugh
a bit between ;
My kids 'll climb upon my knees—there's
one I've never seen ;
An' of all the days which I 'ave known
there won't be one so sweet
As the day when I go 'ome to 'Enry
Street!

FIRST AUSTRALIAN. " 'Oo's yer swell pal, Digger?"
SECOND DITTO. "I dunno his name, but I remember his face. I give him a bit of bacon just outside St. Quentin."

(*June 25, 1919*)

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on 06 November, 2019